

THE UNEXPECTED WEDDING.



C.R. Ryley del.

W. Skelton sculp.

Henry *Let me help you to remove the sack.*Frankly *No, no.*Henry *Into the yard; no farther.*Frankly *Will you let it stand, then, when I bid you.**Publish'd as the Act directs, Sept. 25. 1787. by T. Hookham, Bond Street.*

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Vol.

THE
FRIEND OF YOUTH;
BEING A SEQUEL TO THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND;

AND LIKE THAT WORK,
CONSISTING OF
APT STORIES, ENTERTAINING DIALOGUES,
AND
MORAL DRAMAS:

ALL INTENDED
To excite Attention, cherish Feeling, and inculcate Virtue
IN THE
RISING GENERATION;

Partly translated from Mr. BERQUIN, and other French
and German Writers, and partly Original,
being written by the Editor himself,

The Rev. MARK ANTHONY MEILAN.

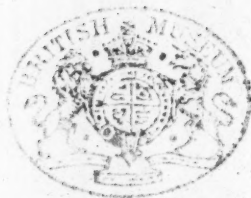
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THE

FATE OF PRIDE.

BLUFF, the son of an industrious husbandman, had shewn betimes a great propensity to arms. He was observed continually exercising with his hoe, and loved the company of soldiers, who would let him use their guns. At eighteen years of age, he listed. As his father had accustomed him to go to school, he had by that means learned to write a current hand, and cypher readily. With these accomplishments, he made himself so useful in the regiment, that in two years time, his officers first made him corporal, and serjeant after.

Nigh about this time was war declared, and by a combination of the luckiest circumstances, at the opening of the first campaign, they gave him a lieutenancy. His conduct was exemplary on all occasions. He was pitched upon for every daring enterprize, and commonly came off with honour. To his praise, it was remarked, that never soldier under his command had flinched.

The general, who had been told of his exploits, presented him soon after with a company, that he might stir the soldiers up to emulation, by his fortune. He was hardly settled in his new appointment, when a hot engagement happened. His superior officers were many of them taken off, by which means Bluff now stepped into a good majority.

His name had often been inserted in the papers ; and no sooner did those papers that contained it reach his native village, than the people ran to wish his parents joy. One may imagine easily, how proud his parents and their children were of being Bluff's relation. They would weep for joy, when any one made mention of his name ; and be at all times longing for the happy day of his return, when they might fold a son and brother in their arms, whose bravery reflected so much honour on his family.

And yet, the reader is to know, that notwithstanding these good qualities, he was infected with a very odious vice. This vice was pride. To hear him talk, there was not in the world a human being so adroit and valiant as himself. He talked of every action he had been engaged in, as a flatterer would talk of those a sovereign prince had done, if he were sure he heard him. He attributed more glory to himself than naturally he *could* claim, but did not speak of any officers who had behaved with no less bravery than he.

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The war by this time being ended, he came home, and as it chanced, the regiment was to pass his father's habitation, on its way to Hounslow, where the officers were to disband it. Hardly had his brothers (for by this time his poor parents were both dead) been told of this, than out they ran, accompanied by half the village, as they meant to meet him on the road. They were not long without a sight of Bluff; they joined him at the very moment, when, in quality of adjutant, as well as major, he was exercising part of a battalion.

Oh, dear Bluff, began the eldest brother, if our parents were yet living, what a joy this sight would give them! I, for my part, have been fighting this long, long while for a meeting with you. God be praised! I can enjoy it now! The pleasure is too great to bear! And saying so, he threw his arms out with the greatest ardour to embrace him.

But the major, vexed to death, and angry that a man, who was without a feather in his cap, should thus presume to call him brother, pushed him off, as scorning his embraces. You are very insolent, said he, to take these freedoms. What, cried out the younger, have you then forgot us? Look at me, pray. I am Matthew. Formerly you loved me. It was you that taught me how to dig and sow this ground, when I was very little: look you, not so high as that (*showing his stick.*)

The major grinned with rage, and threatened
he

he would have them taken up for cheats, unless they left him instantly.

The soldiers, who were witnesses to this opprobrious scene between the major and his brothers, durst not vent their indignation openly, but said in whispers to each other: Is our major then ashamed of having once been what we are at present? On the other hand, he ought to look upon it as his boast, that he has been successful through desert. That circumstance is far more glorious to him, than it would be had he come of an illustrious house.

But Bluff had not a soul so elevated as to think thus nobly. Far from recollecting, he had formerly been in the ranks, as the expression is, he thought by his disdain he should compleat that purpose he had formed of making his late comrades really forget what he had been. Accordingly, he treated them with absolute contempt, while they upon the other hand considered him much more contemptible on that account. His elevation, that had formerly occasioned them some cause to glory, did but humble them at present. They obeyed his orders with reluctance, and there was not one but wished the regiment fairly rid of such an upstart.

One day, as it chanced, he was reviewing the battalions before the adjutant general: this last officer made some slight observations on their method of manœuvring, when the former had the audacity to give an insolent reply. His
pride

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pride had frequently before this matter shocked the general officers; and this additional infraction of the law, enjoining military discipline, was followed with severity of punishment. His impudent deportment, when on trial, irretrievably compleated his disgrace and ruin. He was broke, and solemnly declared incapable of serving in the army any longer.

In the situation he was now reduced to, having only the alternative of living by the labour of his hands, or perishing through want, he was compelled to pay a visit to the place of his nativity.

The peasantry no sooner saw him in this sad condition, than they made him know their time was come, as they had always thought it would do, to repay him scorn for scorn. As he had never sought the friendship of a single creature, fancying it was far beneath a person of his consequence to mix with country bumpkins, not a single creature now would be *his* friend; and he was utterly deprived of what is certainly the greatest blessing in the world, as being the sole solace men can meet with in the season of distress.

He had not therefore any one to fly to for relief, except his brothers, whom before he had so cruelly mistreated. You may fancy they mistreated him. He merited, no doubt, as much; but happily for him, they had that magnanimity or inward greatness, he was totally without. They neither of them would take any other vengeance, than by doing him,
in

in his affliction, all the services they could. It was a long time now since Bluff had touched his share of what his father on his death bed left behind him; which, together with his pay, was all consumed. His brothers therefore gave him each a little spot of ground: he was obliged to cultivate it by the labour of his hands, and that way gain a maintenance. While thus employed, he was continually thinking of the fortune he had lost. Ah, cursed pride! would be his frequent exclamation, to how mean and servile a condition hast thou not reduced me!

This sorrowful idea filled his life with bitterness, nor was it long before his heart was broke.

He died, and left behind him an example of the fatal consequences pride draws down on those who are infected with it.

BOUNTY IN A POOR MAN.

FARMER Thomas was from home, upon a visit to his sister, who had many years been married, and resided with her husband in a village nine miles off. One evening, after supper, he was sitting with her at the door, and talking of indifferent matters, when a little girl in rags
went

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went by, who might be five years old, or thereabouts. The farmer, taking notice of her wretchedness, remarked upon it to his sister as she passed. Poor little thing! said he. Her very rags will hardly hold together. 'Tis a scandal to the parish, that one living creature in it should be left to go about in such a trim. Her parents must be quite insensible, to let her wander in this miserable figure.

Ah, replied the sister, she has lost her parents; and besides, there are two other children in the same condition. For these three months past, they have done nothing else than wander up and down the village, without finding any one so charitable as to take them in. They lie at night in barns, or under trees. When they are hungry, they sit down upon the ground before some house, and if a bit of bread is offered them, they take it, with the greatest joy; but never beg. Their father, who you cannot but suppose from what I am about to tell you, must have been disordered in his brain, enjoined them on his death bed never to ask charity.

This short recital touched the heart of Thomas.

But 'tis frightful, sister, he went on, that any child should be abandoned thus; and I must take them in myself, if no one else will show them so much kindness.

Both the sister and her husband looked upon it as their duty to dissuade him, if they could, from such a project. You have children of

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your own said they, and don't know these. They have been used for three months past and upwards to a vagabond or wandering life, and cannot come to any good. Besides, think, brother, likewise what a great expence and trouble you would bring upon yourself at home.

But Thomas was not one of those who are dissuaded from good actions by the thought of some few difficulties. He paid no attention to the obstacles they started, much less then did he reply.

He went to bed. The pleasure he enjoyed beforehand, from the project he designed to execute, would not till morning let him go to sleep, and tears were in his eyes, when, after three or four whole hours, he closed them.

On the morrow early he got up, and sent a servant out to find the eldest girl. The people of the village told her, they were all three laid along near Farmer Clodpole's haystacks, where she found them.

Well, how old are you, my girl? said Thomas.

Twelve, replied the girl.

THOMAS. They told me yesterday, your parents are both dead; and one may see by your appearance, that they left you no great matters.

THE GIRL. No, indeed; for we are very poor.

THOMAS. But have you no relations that would take you home?

The

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The GIRL. Yes, some ; but they are very poor themselves.

THOMAS. Well, should you like then to go home with me, and be my child ?

The GIRL. Ah, if you would but be so kind.

THOMAS. Well, that affair is settled then ; but I am going home on horseback, and can no way carry you all three. I saw your little sister first, and will begin with her. Go fetch her : let us get acquainted with each other first of all.

It was not long before the little sister came. She had so sweet a countenance and prattled so, that Thomas thought himself already half her father.

He set out, and took her on his horse, before him.

Being now got home, his wife inquired whose child he brought her ?

Yours, dear Maudlin, answered Thomas.

Upon which, he told her how he first cast his eyes upon the little girl ; what he had learned of her distress and friendless situation ; how he took compassion on her, and had brought her home to be his own.

During this recital, the poor little child did nothing in the world but cry,

Till Maudlin, who was to the full as good a hearted soul as Thomas, took the child affectionately up into her arms, and wiped its eyes.

Well, well, said she, don't cry ; for since my

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husband means to be your father, I will likewise be your mother.

But, dear wife, said Thomas, there are still two more, a brother and a sister of this child, who have as great a right to our compassion.

Ah, dear Thomas, answered Maudlin, I can see what you are driving at. Well then, to-morrow, you must go and fetch them also.

On the morrow, Thomas got his little cart out and set off; but not without first kissing Maudlin. Go, said she at his departure, God that sends us these poor children thus, will also send us bread to feed them with.

But Thomas, when arrived, had scarce been thirty minutes in the place, but every body knew his errand; and amongst the rest, Squire ***, a justice of the peace, and lord too of the manor, who, it seems, had lent the father, in a fit of generosity, five guineas. When they told him of the farmer's business, What a fool I said he, and shrugged up both his shoulders. Oh, but here's a charming opportunity to get back those five guineas I once lent the father. Don't you think so? said he, turning to his steward, who was near him. Why, replied the steward, 'twill not be amiss to try. Since he is such a fool to take these children, he may be as foolish and pay down the money, if we ask him for it. He *shall* pay it, said the squire; or else, no children. Run and see if you can frighten him. — The unfeeling wretch had got his cue, and that he thought enough. He
posted

posted to the place where Thomas was, and reached it at the very moment he had placed the children in his cart. He seized the horse's bridle, and cried out to Thomas, You are not to take away these children, till his worship at the great white house is paid five guineas lent their father.

Keep the children then, said Thomas, in a passion at the meanness of the justice. Keep them ; but take this too with you—only till tomorrow. If they are to stand me only in five guineas, I'll go home and bring them. Poor dear souls ! I love them more a great deal for the money they will cost me.

He went home, returned, paid down the money to the justice's great comfort ; and was now allowed to take away the children. We must say, indeed they were his own.

You are anxious, my dear friends, to know what afterwards became of these three children. Happily I have it in my power to tell you, by relating the discourse a traveller had with Thomas in the sequel.

All the little family were playing near the farm-house door, one evening rather late, while Mauldin was preparing supper. Thomas stood among them, and partook of their diversion. As it chanced, the traveller I have just now spoke about went by, and stopped to view them.

Do these children all belong to you, my friend ? said he to Thomas.

Yes, sir, answered Thomas. I have ten ; of

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which God gave me seven for nothing, and the other three I bought.

THE TRAVELLER. Bought, friend?

THOMAS. Yes truly, and for ready money.

He related the whole story of the guineas, and the squire; and having finished, added, God be praised; for neither have my wife or I repented the affair, 'Tis absolutely the best bargain, sir, I ever made.

THE TRAVELLER. But how do you find means to keep so many children?

THOMAS. Such a family indeed appears at first expensive, I must own; because as some would argue, one wants every thing to feed and cloth one's self, and never can possess too much: but, sir, believe me, no one can conjecture how much he is capable of doing, till he tries. I owe, perhaps, my present circumstances, which although they are not affluent, I may yet call easy, to my numerous family, and find, that with a sober and industrious life, I can support my wife and little ones, and lay by something too for the unhappy.

THE TRAVELLER. And your children are not jealous of these strangers?

THOMAS. Strangers! There are none here of that name; but, all pell mell, one family. 'Tis a dispute, sir, which among us shall be fondest of the rest. Should you be with us the whole day, I would defy you to distinguish my own children from the three I purchased. I am sometimes out myself in guessing.

The

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The TRAVELLER. But the girl of twelve years old you spoke of is not here?

THOMAS. How should she? She has something else to do. If she were playing, who would keep house for her?

The TRAVELLER. What then she is married?

THOMAS. Doubtless. To a fisherman, who gets a deal of money, I assure you. She is quite a lady. It is true I spared no cost to fit her out.

The TRAVELLER. How, friend! and did you give her any portion?

THOMAS. Certainly; one should do so on parting with a daughter.

The TRAVELLER. But I need scarce tell you, she was not your flesh and blood.

THOMAS. And what of that, pray? She has caused me much more joy than any one of mine as yet can give me. She has got a little girl already, old enough to say granddaddy.—I can scarcely keep from laughing, when I tell you so: it seems so funny!

Thomas then informed the traveller, how much pleasure he received already from the other two poor orphans.

The elder of these two, which is the girl, said Thomas, is now big enough to help her mother in the house: and for the little boy, he scarcely has his equal in the fields. I wish you did but know, how much they are attached to Maudlin and myself, and how we love them.

Thomas

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Thomas felt his heart affected; having got thus far, and tears rolled down his cheeks. He wiped them, and concluded the discourse by saying with a smile that signified much more a great deal than the words. Ah, Mr. Squire and Justice, you might easily have been as happy as myself; but like a fool, you sold me so much pleasure for five guineas. Ah, ah, ah!—Fegs you are finely bit!

THE UNNATURAL MOTHER TAUGHT AFFECTION.

IN a sea-port town, there lived a man whose probity had recommended him to every one. This man, whose name was Roberts, died quite poor, and hardly better than insolvent. He had left a daughter, but, alas, there was not one would marry her by reason of her pride, her little share of beauty, and her want of fortune. From consideration of the father's memory, however, a substantial merchant paid her his addresses. He did so much good, remarked
Bene-

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Benevolus, which was the merchant's name, it is but just that his surviving friends should make him some return of favour, in the person of his daughter. Upon this account, Benevolus with great humility proposed himself, and miss with great reluctance yielded to his suit; beforehand stipulating for the sovereign empire in his house. The great respect and friendship this good-natured man had always shown the father was extended to his daughter. He consulted her at all times like his oracle, and if he ever chanced to have a notion differing from hers, she used to cut him short with this authoritative preface: the late Mr. Roberts, my dear father,——Nothing else was necessary to make poor Benevolus confess he must be in the wrong.

Benevolus died very young, and left two children. All his fortune was by will bequeathed entirely to his widow, with the fatal right of sharing it between her children just as she herself might happen to think fit. Of these, the eldest boy engrossed her favour and affection; not that any one could think him lovelier, or possessing a more happy disposition than the younger, but because he was more haughty or imperious, and of course more like herself. She had, in short, no less than all the weak or wicked reasons a bad mother generally has, for placing her affections on him, in exclusion of her other son.

This

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This other son, of course, was badly off. His mother scarce would condescend to look upon him now and then, and never spoke a word without an angry look. This child, intimidated as he was on all occasions, hardly durst look up before her, and was never known to answer any question she put to him without trembling. He possessed, she said, his father's disposition; but if any one inquired the other's, who by this time was become as headstrong, mutinous, and humourfome as human nature can be, he was all perfection, and gentility itself. His indocility was a becoming pride of character; his whims, excess of sensibility. He was applauded for the circumstance of never yielding up the point to others, being in the right. Now, by the bye, I am to tell you he was never in the wrong. His mother's flatterers were incessantly insinuating in her ear, he had the honour of resembling her in disposition. Ferdinand, which was his name, had masters in abundance, but these masters were much more for state than use; for, if we take his dancing master out of the account, it was supposed a matter of indifference whether he learned any science; for example's sake, what use, said she, was Latin of? the play and opera were not spoken in that tongue. And Geography? which would but point him out the situation and respective distances of place and place; but these, remarked the widow, any fool of a postilion

possession would be able to inform him of, upon his travels.

It was then no circumstance to wonder at, if Ferdinand learned nothing, while his brother reaped the benefit of those who came to teach him. His attention to the work of study, was, in short, so unremitting, that in some few years, Theophilus had made himself complete in every thing, while, in revenge, poor Ferdinand knew nothing.

Every one that wished to pay his court and worship to the lady, seeing her weak side, went constantly to work by making her believe the elder was a prodigy; but her instructors, less polite and dextrous, by complaining of the indocility and inattention of this favourite, were not silent in the praises of Theophilus. They did not *bona fide* tell her Ferdinand was in reality a brute; but said, Theophilus possessed the talents of an angel. Madam's vanity was hurt at this description: she redoubled her aversion to the unhappy little fellow, and resolved to spare her favourite the humiliation of a future parallel.

But in the interim, an affecting matter happened, that rekindled in her heart the parent's feelings, for a moment; but alas! served only in the end, to humble, not reform her nature. Ferdinand was not full fifteen years of age; Theophilus but ten, when she was taken dangerously ill. The elder was not interrupted by it in his pleasures; he cared little for his mother.

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ther. Her disorder grew alarming: poor Theophilus's little heart was full of fear and sorrow. His impatience to behold his mother, would not let him hide himself. He had been ordered constantly to keep away, except when she sent for him; but, at last, his filial tenderness inspired his heart with courage. The room door was fortunately left ajar; he had been long upon the watch for such a favourable circumstance; he entered trembling, and on tip-toe, he approached his mother's bed, who heard him. Is it you, my child, said she? No, mother: 'tis Theophilus, replied the little fellow. This unstudied answer, penetrated deep into her bosom; she was filled with shame and sorrow, but the brother, with a few caresses, soon recovered his ascendancy, and in an hour or so, Theophilus was neither more esteemed by his unnatural mother, nor less worthy of her love.

For scarce was she recovered, when she took the resolution of removing him some distance from her. The pretext for doing so, was this: that Ferdinand might make a greater progress in his learning. Ferdinand, said she, whose active turn is too susceptible of dissipation, to admit of an associate in the hours of study, and who seeing the decided partialities his masters are continually shewing for another, more obsequious than himself, must be discouraged. For this reason, she resolved that Ferdinand should be the only object of their cares; and
sent

sent away the other to a school that had no manner of repute, but which was very distant, and the thing she wanted.

In a twelvemonth after this establishment of matters, Ferdinand gave over studying privately, and went to college, where his progress was no greater than it had been at his mother's. So that having reached his twentieth year, he came into society with all the self-sufficiency of a coxcomb, who has heard a little by the way of every thing, but thought of nothing.

On his side, Theophilus was now come up from school to London, and his still infatuated mother seemed quite wearied out with those incessant commendations people would be pouring on him. You are nearly now a man, said she, make choice of a profession. You suppose, perhaps, I have a fortune for you, but are wrong. The sum your father left behind him was not half of what some people think, and will be scarce sufficient for your elder brother. So that all you have to do, is to reflect if you will put black on, or red; be made a parson or a soldier; get into a curacy, or have your brains beat out. In short, you must make choice of one or other of these two, for I have nothing else to offer you.

Theophilus replied, there might be many ways as well as these, to fortune, for a merchant's son. At that word *merchant*, she was overcome with rage, for having brought a son into the world so utterly unworthy of her,

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and forbade him, for the future, to appear before her. Grieved at having thus incurred her indignation, he withdrew in tears, and came soon after to a resolution, hoping fortune would be kinder to him than a mother. He was told, a vessel at that time lay under sailing orders for America. He wished to fix himself in commerce there, if he was able. Being now resolved, he wrote a letter to his mother, craving her advice, her blessing, and some money: the two first were liberally granted; but the last with great œconomy.

His mother, thinking it quite happy for her to be rid of such a load, before he left the land consenting to an interview, bestowed upon him some few tears; and Ferdinand was, likewise, brotherly enough to wish him a good voyage. These were the first kindnesses he ever had received from his relations; and his heart was sensibly affected with them. He durst not, however, say how much he wished for letters from them. But a friend of his, that truly loved him, promised he would send intelligence from time to time, of every thing he wished to know, and more particularly of his mother.

When Theophilus was thus set off, his mother had no other earthly thing to care for, than the establishment of Ferdinand, who chose the law: he was admitted shortly after to the bar, and wanted nothing now but an advantageous marriage. A rich heiress was proposed him, but the widow was required to come
down

down handsomely, as the expression is. She was accordingly so weak, as to surrender every shilling she possessed, except a bare existence; being sure her son's whole fortune would be always at her own disposal.

At the age of five-and-twenty, Ferdinand was therefore settled as a man of family, a counsellor, a husband every day becoming more and more neglectful of his wife, extremely careful of his own dear person, but not so of his affairs at Westminster. There was not to be named a single species of excess he did not, in the sequel plunge into. His fortune visibly decreased through riotous and spendthrift ways; but as he thought it would disgrace him, should he own his poverty, he would not 'bate a tittle of his vain parade, so that in some few years he was entirely ruined.

He was come to *hide and seek*, as people say of those who fear a prison, when his mother who had been as careless of her little all, as Ferdinand of his great fortune, sent to him for money. His reply was: that instead of being able to relieve her, he was utterly distressed himself. Already the alarm was spread among his creditors, with whom the contest was which of them should first seize on what was left him. What, said his unhappy mother, at these tidings, have I done. Deprived myself of all things for a son. — Oh heaven! oh heaven! what will become of me?

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'Tis time, however, we should now advert a little to Theophilus. Theophilus, possessed of understanding, a good heart, and charming figure, was arrived at Nevis. Every one engaged in commerce knows, with what facility an Englishman of good appearance and good morals, can advance his fortune in the islands. His good sense, and surname of Benevolus, soon gained him great respect among the inhabitants. With the assistance offered him, he went to business, and was getting rich, when he received a letter from that friend of his we have already mentioned, to inform him that his brother was quite ruined, and his mother in the last distress. This melancholy letter he bedewed with tears, while reading it. Alas! said he, my poor dear mother! I will succour you. He would not trust to any one in this affair. An accident, said he, befalling him I might think fit to send would disappoint my mother of the succour meant, and leave her to expire in indigence and horror. Nothing should restrain a son from doing every thing himself, when the existence of a mother is at stake.

With such ideas in his heart, Theophilus disposed of every thing he had,—a sacrifice that for his mother's sake he did not find it difficult to make. He got on ship-board, taking with him his whole property. He had a short and easy passage. In six weeks he made the coast of England; and this worthy son, without the least delay, made haste to get on shore, and
with

with his little treasure travelled post to reach his mother's habitation. She was nearly at death's door, and in a state, besides, more terrible to her than death itself. She was deprived of every solace, and attended by a servant, who as being hopeless that her labour would be ever paid, reluctantly performed it in her behalf the last sad dues of a humiliating pity. Through the shame of such a situation, she had bid this servant suffer no one to intrude upon her, but the charitable doctor that attended her.

Theophilus was now arrived, and at the door: he would have entered, but the servant did her duty. Say, then, I am here, cried he, and crave admission. — What's your name? Theophilus. The servant went up to the bed, and said a stranger wished to see her.—Who? —what stranger? answered she?—His name, he told me, is Theophilus. I need not mention that at such a name, her bowels, as 'tis natural to think, were moved, she was ready to expire. Theophilus by this time was drawn nigh the bed, and could not speak for weeping. Ah, my son, said she, and hardly raised her dying eye-balls while she spoke, at what sad moment are you not arrived to see your mother. Soon will you have nothing else to do than close her eyes.—Judge what was not the sorrow of this pious son, to see that mother he had left, if I may say so, in the very bosom of prosperity and luxury,—to see her on a

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bed of rags, and wanting even common food. My dear, dear mother, he began, and threw himself upon this bed of sorrows, but his words were broken by frequent sobbings, and those tears which he bedewed the bosom of his dying mother with, were for a time the only indication of his sorrow and affection. Heaven, said she, with justice punishes your mother for that love she lavished on a son.—He was by this time come a little to himself, and interrupted her as follows : Every thing is done away, dear mother. Live : I have been blessed by Providence with wealth sufficient, and I come to share it with you. 'Tis for you I had it. Live ; for I have wherewithal to make life charming to you. Ah, dear child, said she, if I desire to live 'tis from a wish of making some atonement to you for my great injustice, by sincerely loving for the time to come, a son of whom I was not worthy in the least : a son, I was so cruel as to disinherit. At these words, she hid her face, as if ashamed to see the light. Ah, madam, said Theophilus, embracing her, and striving to pull down her hands, hide not my mother from me. I have crossed the ocean to behold and comfort her. These words were hardly uttered, when the doctor came, at sight of whom, the widow, in as vehement a transport as her weakness would permit, cried out, This bountiful physician is the only consolation heaven has left me, and without his pious aid I should have perished. Oh, began Theophilus

Thus, approaching the physician to embrace him, charitable man, who visit the abode of misery at the impulse of a humane bosom, to dispense the gifts of God, my friend and benefactor, what do I not owe you? Had it not been for your aid, I should have lost my mother. Finish your good purpose, and restore her once again to health and spirits. I am rich, and come to make her happy. He was going on, but the physician, well aware that such an interesting scene was far too much so for his patient, said: go, sir, rely on my attention. Get her some more comfortable lodging, and at night she shall be carried to it.

It was got accordingly. The change of air, with proper nourishment, or to express myself more properly, that revolution joy had made within her, and the calm that followed it, insensibly reanimated every organ in her frame. A deep and settled melancholy had occasioned her disorder; and the consolation now afforded her, removed it. By this time, Theophilus had been informed that his unhappy brother was no longer; — having miserably perished. One consoling circumstance, however, was, that he had left no little ones. The knowledge of this death was prudently kept secret from the mother, who could never have endured the shock of such a blow; but when her health was perfectly established, she was told it. All the wounds in her afflicted heart were then re-opened, and a flood of tears burst forth.

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forth. But, heaven, that had removed a son unworthy of her love, restored another, who deserved that love, by every tender effort nature and religion dictate. He had left at Nevis a young lady who sincerely loved him, and to whom, before the arrival of this news, he was upon the point of being married. He made known this last particular, and said, that all his wish was to embrace his wife and mother both together. She availed herself with joy of this proposal, and resolved to visit Nevis with him. An abode, so full of her iniquity not less than folly, as the town she dwelt in, was grown odious to her, and the moment of her embarkation was, in some sort, the beginning of another life. God's providence, that watches over virtue, gave Theophilus a prosperous passage: his intended was prepared to welcome him at Nevis: they were shortly after married, and passed life away in that unalterable peace which is the happy consequence of virtue.

THE

FOOLISH CHOICE.

SCENE. *A public house.**A SOLDIER and the LANDLORD of the house.*

The SOLDIER.

YOU understand me, my good friend: our youth conceived a great desire to be a soldier; and his mother, knowing he had such a constitution as would never bear the rigours of a soldier's life, attempted to dissuade him from it, but in vain. So if she can, to cure him of this foolish fancy, she has hit upon the scheme I just now mentioned. Act you in it as I told you: say you are extremely poor, have nothing, not even victuals, and her thanks will be forth coming. Happily for her, 'tis winter now, and our young gentleman will have some taste of hardships he thinks little of at present. He is coming in; he must not see us talk together; when we want you, I will ring.

The LANDLORD. Here is the bell-pull.
(*He goes out.*)

The SOLDIER. What a deal of trouble and vexation

vexation to his mother he occasions ! but already he begins to see the folly of his inclinations. (*To Minikin, entering.*) You are then come in at last. So sit down there, and rest yourself. Don't stand on ceremony thus, but be entirely at your ease. (*He puts his baggage down upon a table.*)

MINIKIN. Dear me ! I am quite wet from head to foot, and starved to death with cold. (*He puts his baggage down upon the table likewise.*)

The SOLDIER. Why this is nothing yet : when you have once a piece of ice, my Hearty, at the end of every hair, you may indeed complain of cold.

MINIKIN. Oh, I repent already, that I would not be persuaded by mama, but must forsooth become a soldier.

The SOLDIER. 'Tis a pity your repentance comes too late, since you are listed now, and must endure whatever rigours you may meet with.

MINIKIN. But I need not tell you I have money in my purse ; and if we march again to-morrow, and the weather is as cold, I'll take a coach.

The SOLDIER. Yes, yes, you will be suffered to do that indeed ! And do you think, my little Minikin, there are not others who have money likewise, and would coach it if they might ?

MINIKIN.

THE FOOLISH CHOICE.

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MINIKIN (*weeping.*) Oh, dear! my clothes are wet all over.

The SOLDIER. Fie! a soldier, and be crying thus! A soldier should be always on the grin, as long as he has one half left him from his head straight downwards.

MINIKIN. All my hair too out of curl!

The SOLDIER. A great misfortune, truly!

MINIKIN. But pray, what are they about? Why don't they light a fire, at least?

The SOLDIER. I'll ring: the master of the house takes greater care of you than you imagine. Should you heat yourself at once, you might, 'tis possible, catch cold. (*The master of the house comes in.*)

MINIKIN. You'll vex me, I believe, to death: for my part I am not so coarse as you. —(*To the master*) Well, will you make a fire?

The SOLDIER. Yes; do, my friend; this moment; or the king will lose a soldier.

The LANDLORD. Gentlemen, I am as cold as you are; but have not a bit of wood about the house; and what's still worse, should you be hungry, not a bit of meat or bread to give you. No, nor yet a farthing, to buy any with.

MINIKIN. Dear me! what shall we do? For my part, I am starved for want of food as well as fire.

The LANDLORD. Poor little gentleman! you seem indeed so. Ah, 'tis easy, sir, to guess you are not used to suffer.

MINIKIN. No fire or victuals! Why was I
so

THE FOOLISH CHOICE.

so foolish as to leave mama's fire side, and cupboard.

The SOLDIER. Come, come, master Minikin, instead of crying so, pull out a little of your money to buy food and fire wood. We can treat this honest man ourselves in that case.

MINIKIN. Oh, yes; am I come here, pray, to treat him? I am much more to be pitied. He was born to suffer; but not I.

The SOLDIER. And do you think it any fault of his, that he has neither fire nor victuals for you?

MINIKIN. Should I suffer for his poverty?

The SOLDIER. You should have made a bargain when you listed, that at every house you came to, a warm fire, good feather bed, and slippers should be ready for you.

MINIKIN. I can hardly speak I am so cold.

The SOLDIER. Feel, feel then in your purse, and let the good man have some money: he will buy us something.

MINIKIN. How much must you have?

The SOLDIER. Five shillings: not a farthing less.

MINIKIN. Five shillings! that's a deal. *(He takes his money out with some reluctance.)*

The LANDLORD *(taking it.)* Heaven bless you! *(To the soldier.)* And you likewise; if this little gentleman stays with you any time, he will become a charming man, I warrant you. *(Goes out.)*

The SOLDIER. If you had done it with a grace

THE FOOLISH CHOICE.

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grace at first, it would have cost you less—(*he takes the arms of Minikin to clean them.*)

MINIKIN. But have I money, pray, for others? My mama said I should husband what I had.

The SOLDIER. But I want victuals likewise; and 'tis only justice you should treat me since I do your business; am I bound to clean your arms, pray?

MINIKIN. If I pay you for it—Ah, here comes the landlord.

The LANDLORD (*entering with some wood.*) I have sent to buy the victuals, and have brought the wood myself, that you might have a fire as soon as possible.

The SOLDIER. Good, good.

MINIKIN (*pushing the landlord behind, who is rather slow.*) Come, come, make haste, old tumbler.

The SOLDIER. After dinner, we may then mount guard quite comfortably.

MINIKIN. Oh, for my part, I shall soon be sick of mounting guard, and therefore I will get mama to purchase me an ensigncy.

The SOLDIER. You will not buy it in our regiment, I can tell you; or in any other, if you don't get your mama to buy you first a little courage. That's the thing a soldier wants.

MINIKIN. Well, pray, and have I then no courage, when I learned above a year to use my gun?

The SOLDIER. Yes, yes, against the hares.

3 D

MINI-

MINIKIN (*to the landlord, who stands gaping at the soldier.*) You won't then light the fire?

The LANDLORD. Oh, yes, sir, in a moment.

The SOLDIER. Upon second thought, I fancy we had better go elsewhere: About a mile on farther, we may find another alehouse, and a fire already lit—Come, Minikin.

MINIKIN. Oh, yes; a likely thing indeed! Expose myself again to reach your other alehouse, colder than I am at present. (*Crying.*) I believe the whole is done on purpose.

The SOLDIER. Poor dear thing! You find things different now to what they were, when you used to sit at home with your mama, and had your feet upon the fender. 'Tis a little colder now?

MINIKIN. Yes, yes, indeed.

The SOLDIER. And yet you will have some variety, and find it hot enough ere long.

MINIKIN. I like hot weather.

The SOLDIER. Yes, but 'tis hot fighting I allude to. Fegs! I fancy you will not complain of cold, when they are breaking legs, and thighs, and arms, and beating out men's brains about you.

MINIKIN. Oh, dear me! And shall we have such dreadful work as that?

The SOLDIER. Assuredly,—but to be serious. You were list'd yesterday, and are advanced but fourteen miles upon your march, and seem already to be tired of your profession. Do you wish to quit it. You may do so very easily

easily at present, but to-morrow it may be too late.

MINIKIN. Oh, yes, with all my heart, if you can tell me any method ; for a soldier's life is not the pleasant one I thought it.

The SOLDIER. You have heard of felling out—what think you then of buying out ?

MINIKIN. How! buying out ?

The SOLDIER. We may find another, who, provided you but pay him well, will take your place.

The LANDLORD. And, fortunately for the little gentleman, I know of one. What would you give him ?

MINIKIN. All I have.

The SOLDIER. Give me your purse then.

MINIKIN. There.

The SOLDIER. I'll take the rest upon me, and will leave you here : the Epsom coach must soon set off, and you may go to London in it. You are now unlisted, and at liberty to go whenever you think proper ; but remember, my good man, in future, not to thwart a mother in her choice of a profession for you, when a day has been sufficient to disgust you with your own. She loves you, and will place you in some trade most suited to your tender constitution. This affair has cost her something ; but though far from rich, she will not grudge it, if it teaches you a little wisdom for the time to come. The fire is lit, and for an hour or so, we may enjoy ourselves ; so, landlord, let us have a mug of ale.

THE
AUTODIDACTOS,
OR
SELF TAUGHT.

HENRY and HUMPHRY.

HENRY.

LOOK you, Humphry, write my copy for me. Mr. Pearce will not be here this half hour, so till such time as he comes, I will amuse myself with skipping.

HUMPHRY. Very well.

HENRY. Sit down then, and make haste; but pray take care you do not write it overwell; for Mr. Pearce will know, in that case, it is none of mine.

HUMPHRY. Fear nothing, Master Henry. I will write it, if I can, so bad, that every one shall say 'tis yours. (*Henry goes out, and Humphry takes the copy book, and, while he writes, continues speaking.*) How idle Henry is! These two years he has learned to write, and cannot make a letter as he should do yet; while I, without a master to instruct me, can write charmingly

ingly as if I had been taught as long as he, or longer. But I think this writing is too good. It will never be thought he did it. Oh, I cannot possibly write bad enough to make it pass for Master Henry's.

CHARLOTTE (*entering unperceived by Humphry. She steals softly up behind him.*) What are you about there, Mr. Humphry, pray?

HUMPHRY (*embarrassed.*) Ah, miss—I am—your brother—yet you must not tell—Your brother has desired me—But how are you, my dear lady?

CHARLOTTE. Very well.—Oh, oh; I see now you are writing Henry's copy. Truly he well learn a deal this way! . . . My brother is an idle little fellow; and as soon as Mr. Pearce, his master, comes, he shall be sure to know.

HUMPHRY. Ah, miss, pray don't. See there, 'tis done.

CHARLOTTE. But to be serious, my dear Humphry, you don't show yourself my brother's friend in writing thus his copy for him.

Mr. PEARCE (*coming in and seeing Henry in the adjoining chamber, Charlotte having left the door ajar when she came in.*) How, sir, are you there, and do you think by skipping you will come to be a scholar? (*Henry enters.*) Are you not ashamed of having learned these two whole years and upwards with such little progress?

HENRY. But, sir, here's my copy done.

Mr. PEARCE. Ah, ah.—I did not think you had

had been half so good.—Well, this is charming!—Very good indeed!—But sure this writing is not yours.—No, no; you would impose upon me.

HENRY. Why so, sir? (*Aside to Humphry.*) You should have done it worse.

CHARLOTTE. Yes, certainly; my brother would impose upon you, sir; for Humphry wrote his copy; he has just now finished it.

HENRY. Well, sister; and pray what was that to you?

CHARLOTTE. A great deal, brother. I don't like to see you such a blockhead, and know nothing.

Mr. PEARCE. Was it you then, my good fellow, that did this? You write a charming hand! a very charming one! and who pray taught you?

HUMPHRY. No one, sir. I never had a master.

Mr. PEARCE. Never had a master?

HUMPHRY. Never, sir. Whenever I could come at Master Henry's copies, I would imitate them in a book my mother got me: Here it is, (*he takes it off a shelf, and shews it Mr. Pearce.*)

Mr. PEARCE. How! Well, this is very pretty, I protest! Text; round and small hand: At your age! Astonishing! And is it all your own?

HUMPHRY. Yes, sir: my mother is not able to pay masters. I am therefore forced to

go without them, and learn something by myself.

MR. PEARCE. Well, Master Robinson, you see this writing. You that have these two years had a master, and are scarcely in joining hand. For my part, I should think you could not but be quite ashamed at this; and therefore I shall give you up. My reputation is concerned, and your papa shall know the whole.

HENRY. But, sir—the reason is—

MR. PEARCE. Well, what?—the reason is, —the reason is, you are an idle, little gentleman, and never will learn any thing. So, as I said just now, I give you up. Farewell. (*To Mrs. Robinson, who now comes in.*) Ah, madam, I request your pardon, but you see me in a passion. I must beg you to provide your little gentleman another master. I am tired of teaching one who makes no manner of improvement. He has hardly learned to make a letter in two years, and yet this child, who says he never had a master in his life, writes charmingly. Look, madam, at his copy book. Should I continue teaching Master Robinson, it would be only robbing you of so much money.

MRS. ROBINSON. What a naughty child! For my part, I am sick of finding fault so often with him as I do.

CHARLOTTE. Mama, I hear the dancing master knock. He told me he should come at ten o'clock this morning.

Mrs.

Mrs. ROBINSON (*To Mr. Pearce.*) Well, sir; for this once, retract your resolution of not teaching him, and come again to-morrow. I shall tell his father, who will punish him as he deserves.

Mr. PEARCE. Since you request it, my good lady, I shall come again; but he must absolutely be corrected, and severely too. Your humble servant, madam.

Mrs. ROBINSON. Yours, sir. (*Mr. Pearce goes out.*) Come in, Mr. Holloway, pray.

Mr. HOLLOWAY (*entering.*) I hope I see you well, ma'am?

Mrs. ROBINSON. Mr. Holloway, I dare say you are no better pleased with Henry than his writing master.

Mr. HOLLOWAY. In reality, I must confess he knows but little for the time he has been taught; and does me no great honour: but to make amends, Miss Charlotte is quite clever and attentive. (*To Henry.*) Come, sir, you must dance a minuet with your sister. Try now, if you can, to turn genteelly, keep your time, and don't be quite so stiff in all your motions.

Mrs. ROBINSON. I assure you, Henry, if you do not please your dancing-master more than Mr. Pearce, you shall be sent to boarding school. Your father would have had you go these twelve months past, but I would not consent to lose you. If however you proceed at this rate, you must go at Christmas.

HUM.

HUMPHRY. Madam, will you let me stay, and see them dance?

Mrs. ROBINSON. Yes, yes, with all my heart. You know it pleases me to find you present at the time of any lesson. You will always by these means be learning something.

HUMPHRY. Yes, indeed, I think so.

Mr. HOLLOWAY. Come then, Master Robinson. Come, miss, and let us have a minuet. *(He begins to play.)* Right, miss—Take notice—Mind your time—Your head upright, sir. One, two, three—Sink—Rise—Now turn—Too late!—No, no; quite wrong, miss: so, begin that step again—There; easy, easy—Keep your arm up—Oh; that's not the way, miss.

CHARLOTTE. How, sir, would you have me dance with such a partner as my brother?

Mr. HOLLOWAY. You are in the right, I must acknowledge, miss; and therefore I say nothing farther to you. I am sensible you cannot, with so negligent a partner, have that emulation which is necessary in the minuet. Every thing depends on that.

CHARLOTTE. My poor, dear little Henry, you know nothing of the figure, and continually put me out.

HENRY. As if you could not dance yourself, because I dance improperly. Move on, and don't mind me.

CHARLOTTE. As if I could move on, when every step you take is out of time and measure.

sure. Humphry, who has only seen us dance, can figure, I would lay you any wager, better.

Mrs. ROBINSON. So indeed I think; and therefore come, my little man, and take his place: he merits such humiliating treatment. Show him how you figure. He may learn from what he sees you do.

HUMPHRY. But, madam, recollect I never learned, and have no other lesson than by taking notice of Miss Charlotte's steps, and imitating them alone, as well as I am able.

Mrs. ROBINSON. Well then, let us see what you can do. Go you, (*to Henry*) and sit down there. 'Tis not impossible but you may learn by looking on.

HENRY. With all my heart.

Mr. HOLLOWAY. Well, come, young gentleman; but you have never learned, you say?

HUMPHRY. No, sir.

Mr. HOLLOWAY. In that case, you will do no mighty matter, miss, with such a partner; for the art of dancing is not to be learned without instruction, and the greatest masters find it very difficult to make one dancer perfect out of ten, they take in hand. But come, however, we shall see what you can do.

HUMPHRY. Since you will have it so, I must obey you, madam. (*He stands up, and he and Charlotte dance the minuet.*)

Mr. HOLLOWAY (*playing.*) Not amiss—A little boldness—Hold your head up—Very good indeed!—Well, this is quite astonishing

ing! — So now for giving hands — Right —
(To Charlotte) Turn your feet out.—Slide—
 One, two, three.—Good!—*(The minuet being
 done, to Mrs Robinson.)* Well, madam?

Mrs. ROBINSON. Admirable! Charlotte
 did it like an angel. But you, Humphry, bet-
 ter still! And is it possible, you never had a
 master? and yet dance so well! What think
 you of his execution, sir.

Mr. HOLLOWAY. I could not have believed
 it, madam.

HUMPHRY. Notwithstanding I assure you,
 sir, I learned no other way than as I mentioned
 just this moment.

CHARLOTTE. And the allemand? My bro-
 ther does not know a single step in that, I fancy:
 What are we to do?

Mrs. ROBINSON. The allemand for me, I
 say. So, Charlotte learn that well whatever
 you do else. I love the allemand. 'Tis full
 of grace and spirit. Humphry, you have seen
 the allemand, and may have learned a little of
 that likewise—Have you?

HUMPHRY. I believe so, and will do my
 best.

Mr. HOLLOWAY. But then, the steps?
 You could not sure learn them alone?

HUMPHRY. Oh, as to that affair, I used to
 go and see my little cousin in the holidays; and
 when I might, I used to make her turn as I have
 seen Miss Charlotte.

Mrs. ROBINSON. Well then; we shall see.
 Mr.

THE AUTODIDACTOS,

Mr. HOLLOWAY. This must be curious. Take your places. (*While he plays.*) Mind the measure, miss—That's well—(*To Mrs. Robinson of Humphry.*) Charming! wonderful! Not quite so fast—A little boldness in your looks, Miss Charlotte.

Mr. ROBINSON (*entering.*) A little boldness in your looks, Miss Charlotte! I would lay a wager, 'tis the allemand my daughter is at present dancing.—Yes, so I thought. What then, (*To Mrs. Robinson*) my dear, you will not have the complaisance for my sake to let Charlotte leave off dancing this detested allemand, that only pleases through the boldness of the dancer, and requires so many shameful attitudes? This is, however, what you make her dance, and what she knows too much already of. It ought not to be tolerated in the country.

Mrs. ROBINSON. This is of a piece exactly with your other prejudices. All young people dance the allemand at present.

Mr. ROBINSON. All young people, let me tell you then, are very ill brought up; and in the end become—In short, my dear, if you have any kindness for me, you will not permit this allemand again beneath my roof. 'Tis not for modest people; let me tell you that.

Mr. HOLLOWAY. But, sir, what would you have the lady learn instead?

Mr. ROBINSON. The minuet, sir, the minuet; that's the dance for decent people: it displays

displays the graces of the human frame with dignity and ease; whereas the monkey tricks—

MR. HOLLOWAY. But, sir, once more, Miss Charlotte knows the minuet already.

MR. ROBINSON. She can never know it perfectly. How many graces in a minuet! That's what I need not say to you, sir. But let's see how she performs. (*To Henry.*) But how is this, pray?—You not dancing!

HENRY. No, papa; my sister says, I figure badly.

MRS. ROBINSON. To say truth, he dances as he writes; and 'twas to mortify him, Humphry, by my order, took his place; and yet poor Humphry never learnt of any master. Do but see him dance, my dear, and you will be astonished, I am sure.

MR. ROBINSON. With all my heart. (*They dance.*) Well, this is quite surprising, I must own! And is it true, my man, you never were instructed?

HUMPHRY. Yes, sir; I have seen Miss Charlotte dancing, and that's all I learned by.

MR. ROBINSON. You are then a special boy; and I will have you always come and dance with Charlotte.

HUMPHRY. Ah, sir, with a deal of pleasure.

MR. ROBINSON (*To Mr. Holloway.*) Well, sir, if you please, your lesson for this day is over. We shall see you Friday next. But,

pray, remember for the future we will have no allemand.

Mr. HOLLOWAY. 'Tis just as you think proper, sir.—Your most obedient. (*He goes out.*)

Mrs. ROBINSON. You have seen the little Humphry dance, who never had a lesson; but that's not the whole. He never had a writing master, and yet only see his copy book——

Mr. ROBINSON. This Humphry's? 'Tis impossible. What every hand, without a master! and my jackass of a son in two years time not learn to join two letters. Well, pray, madam, will you now consent to have him go to boarding school?

Mrs. ROBINSON. Yes, yes, sir; you may do as you think proper. I give up all thoughts of keeping him at home.

Mr. ROBINSON. 'Ts possible he may become a gainer by it, and receive a useful education; and if after all he will not take the least degree of pains to get that knowledge suited to his future situation, such as I could wish it were, I have still left me one resource, to make him learn a trade; for I resolve he shall know something. And, my little Humphry, I will take you henceforth as my clerk, and you shall be in some degree my son till such time as my own is fit for something.

HUMPHRY. Ah, sir, how much am I not indebted to you? and I hope my diligence and
conduct

conduct will not cause you to repent of having been so bounteous to me.

CHARLOTTE. And, for my part, you shall see, papa, what pains I will be at to learn the minuet perfectly.

MR. ROBINSON. You will be very good in that case: and, my dear, good Humphry, you and Charlotte, by your emulation, will improve each other.

T H E

CAPRICE OF LOVE.

BELINDA and RUTH.

BELINDA.

RUTH?

RUTH. Here, madam.

BELINDA. Let me have——

RUTH. What, madam?

BELINDA. Let me have the standish:—No, a chair.

RUTH. Excuse me, madam; you seem discomposed?

3 E 2

BELINDA.

48 THE CAPRICE OF LOVE.

BELINDA (*sitting down.*) Ah, Ruth! I am so.

RUTH. Possibly you may be vexed with Mr. Manly.

BELINDA. No, indeed; for on the other hand, I find him far too faithful.

RUTH. Far too faithful! this is a new fashion of accusing lovers!

BELINDA. Doubtless; and the more 'tis new, the more I think myself condemnable.

RUTH. And do you think he loves you really too much?

BELINDA. Yes, Ruth.

RUTH. Well, marry him, and he will soon be quite another thing.

BELINDA. And would you have me marry one I do not love?

RUTH. And do you in reality not love him any longer?

BELINDA. No, indeed, Ruth: and 'tis that torments me.

RUTH. 'Tis that circumstance, however, that should ease your mind; since it is only when one loves, one is a prey to many anxious thoughts.

BELINDA. I see you don't yet clearly comprehend me; for with what offence is Mr. Manly to be taxed? No lover ever could demean himself with greater delicacy. 'Tis a frightful thing to be ungrateful without any reason of complaint.

RUTH. I see no frightfulness at all in such
a mat-

a matter: you are just in such a situation as you were before you loved him.

BELINDA. Yes; but don't you take it, Ruth, that my indifference will go near to make him miserable?

RUTH. It is true, indeed, that he will be a grievous loser in a heart like yours. But, since you do not give him up to love another, how are you to blame? We are not mistresses, dear madam, of our hearts; and then, let Mr. Manly always be in love with you. That love will cost you nothing.

BELINDA. What, would you advise me to deceive him?

RUTH. He will still be happy.

BELINDA. Yes; but I am utterly incapable of such a falsity: and yet, to have him think I love him now no longer, is to kill him. No: I cannot tell what resolution I should take. His presence tires me, and in future I shall be no less unwilling to be with him than he is at present not to wish it.

RUTH. What then hinders you from writing him a letter?

BELINDA. Good; but how afflicted it will make him!

RUTH. I hear some one coming. 'Tis himself. Determine one way or another.

BELINDA. Bid him wait. I'll go up stairs, and think a little of the matter. *(She goes out.)*

RUTH. *(To Mr. Manly, coming in.)* Mr. Manly?

50 THE CAPRICE OF LOVE.

MANLY. Well; and where's your mistress? May I see her?

RUTH. Not at present. She is very busy. Wait, however, sir.

MANLY. I wished to see her, but no matter as to that. Some other time.

RUTH. No, no. I'll step up stairs and tell her you are here.

MANLY. No, positively, I will not disturb her.

RUTH. Stay, sir, stay a little. I'll be down again this instant. (*Goes out.*)

MANLY (*thoughtful.*) I should not have staid to see her. How shall I declare myself? Who would have said I should have ever fancied her less lovely? Yet 'tis true. But why? Has she abated in her kindness? No; and 'tis that circumstance affects me. Break with her, and yet have no one reason for so strange a conduct! But 'tis necessary. I am willing she should hate me; but would not be despicable. What shall I begin with? that I cannot any longer love her? Cannot, when so often I have sworn I could not live without her? Ah! what inconsistency! and still worse, what cruelty! for she has often sworn the same; has sworn she could not live without me; and has sworn too she adored me. Can I plunge a poniard then into the heart that loves me, and must have no joy but what my love affords it? Can I be so fierce a monster?—But supposing I should write my resolution to her. Here is
pen

pen and ink. — Yes ; if I blush at my indifference for her, on the other hand, I need not blush at a proceeding that evinces my sincerity, if nothing else. (*He writes.*) My heart, believe me, madam, has deceived me. (*Speaks.*) It will kill her. — (*writes.*) If, however, you determine upon marriage, I comply : I cannot be another's. I am utterly incapable of such a perfidy. I lose much more in this than you ; since nothing will be ever able to make up, in my idea, for an object I conceived so precious to me. (*Speaks.*) Good ! this letter I will give the servant for Belinda, and be gone. (*He folds and seals it.*)

RUTH (*returning.*) My mistress cannot see you for the present ; but has sent this letter.

MANLEY, As she pleases. I have also scribbled her a letter, which you will deliver to her.

RUTH. She shall have it in an instant.

MANLY. Poor Belinda ! She is far from thinking matters are in such a state, as she will find them, when she reads my letter. But let's see what subject she can have to write on. (*Reading to himself.*) Is it possible ? Have I my eyesight ? (*Reads out.*)

“ SIR,

'Tis with the greatest sorrow I write this : we must not be acquainted with each other for the time to come. I am unworthy of you, I confess ; and cannot bring myself to the idea
of

of deceiving you. There is no longer any happiness in life for me. You only had it in your power to make me happy; but my heart is grown a rebel. You are now avenged; and should be. This acknowledgement I owe you. Dearest Manly, may your sensibility not be awakened upon this occasion. May you never, for the time to come, repent of having too much loved

BELINDA."

(He falls into a chair.) It appears, then, she no longer loves me. With what coldness she declares it! She has got before me, and I feared the avowal I should make would wound her sensibility. Ungrateful woman! what can have induced her to suppress her passion for me? But I err. She never loved me. Frightful thought! She can have had the baseness, all along, then, to deceive me! What a dreadful situation! *(He leans upon the table.)*

BELINDA *(coming in, and seeing Manly in this situation.)* You here, Manly! Is this yours? *(Shewing the letter)* How could you have the heart to write me such a letter?

MANLY. Could I ever have supposed the time would come, when I should tax you with the unkindness of a letter sent me, and not fear I must offend you mortally? Ah, madam! no, your heart could never dictate such a cruel piece of news as you have sent me.

BELINDA.

THE CAPRICE OF LOVE. 53

BELINDA. What then, you complain when at the very instant you yourself were much more blameable, and I was apprehensive, your despair at such a cruel piece of news would kill you?

MANLY. Well; and have you found yourself mistaken? No; for my despair *will* do so. But no matter as for me: may you be happy, madam, since you can be so, as I discover, with some other youth.

BELINDA. Ungrateful Manly! do you know my heart so little as to say this to me? What is my offence then? (*weeping.*)

MANLEY. Is it possible! oh heaven! how happy I am all at once! I am in paradise!—Ah, madam, if I am not totally unworthy of these tears, in that case, time, and my repentance shall evince, I wrote my letter in a hasty moment, and am sorry for it. Happy, after all, if you can overlook my rashness.

BELINDA. Overlook it?

MANLY. Yes; and let me be permitted still to love you?

BELINDA. Have not I deserved your love? But we have both done wrong, and our affection for each other was a treasure we both slighted, being certain of possession; but this accident has let us see its value. We will then forgive each other, and be more discreet in future.

MANLY. Ah, Belinda, hearts like ours were never meant but for each other; never
were

were they to be parted. Let us, then, put off no longer that connection, whose delay has been the cause of our unhappiness, as well as that of other people. As for me, I swear I will for ever love you.

THE

DOG PRESERVED FROM DEATH.

ALEXANDER was a poor day-labourer's son ; so poor, that he had nothing in the world except his spade to work with for a miserable livelihood : he was, however, spoken of by every one for honesty. His wife had been afflicted with a tedious malady ; of which she died ; and the expences of this malady had left poor Alexander absolutely bare. He would himself have died for very sorrow, after such a great misfortune, had it not been necessary he should live to keep his little boy from starving, whom he loved exceedingly, and who was very teachable, and of a happy turn.

One

THE DOG PRESERVED, &c. 55

One morning, as the little Alexander passed a rich man's country house, not far from where he lived, a servant who was standing at the door, desired him to come in; and asked, if he should wish to get a sixpence, without taking any trouble. Yes, replied the little boy; and what am I to do for so much money?

THE SERVANT. Take a dog of ours, which I will give you, tie a stone about his neck, and drown him in the river.

ALEXANDER. Why, pray, do you wish to have him drowned? Has he been biting any body?

THE SERVANT. No, not that: come here, and I will let you know the reason.

He conducted Alexander instantly into a chaise house, and there pointed out the little creature, lying in a corner upon straw. He hardly seemed to have a breath of life; his hair seemed almost off; and he was covered with the mange from head to tail.

Poor thing! said Alexander, he is very bad indeed!

THE SERVANT. Fegs, I believe so; and on that account, my mistress wants to have him made away with. There are other dogs about the house, and she is fearful they may catch his illness. If you wish to get this sixpence, you need only take him with you to the bridge. I would not touch him with my little finger for a crown.

ALEXANDER.

ALEXANDER. But is there any need to drown him? he might possibly recover.

The SERVANT. No; he is too bad for that.

ALEXANDER. One might, however, try.

The SERVANT. If you desire to try, with all our hearts: provided——

ALEXANDER. Yes, I understand you. — I shall have the fixpence?

The SERVANT. What a little huncks!

ALEXANDER. It is not for myself I want it, but the dog. If I were rich, I should not wish for any thing; but I have hardly bread to eat myself: nay, sometimes am obliged to go without: and my poor patient must not want for victuals in his illness.

The SERVANT. Well, then, there is the fixpence for you.

Alexander, looking round him, saw a broken basket, which he begged to have. He put the dog into it on a layer of straw, and then made haste to meet his father, who was digging in a field no great way off.

While he was going forward, he looked frequently into the basket. The disgusting object in it shocked him, but excited his compassion too. Poor little thing! said he, you cannot but feel pain. I pity you, indeed, and wish I may enjoy the happiness of curing you. Yes, yes; you may believe me. I am glad I saved you from the water.

His

His first care, as he was going through the village, was to buy a roll. The baker, as a favour, let him have a little milk to soak it in, that it might serve the little creature both as meat and drink. All the dog could do, enfeebled as he was by his distemper, was to lick it; but even that, in some degree restored the wasted spirits of the patient, and excited hope in the physician.

Alexander's father was beginning to be angry with him for his idleness, and loitering by the way; but when he was informed what reason had detained him, he was pleased to find him so compassionate.

Adjacent to the field, in which young Alexander was that day to help his father, there was accidentally a little meadow. Alexander thought this meadow could not but be proper for his little dog to stay in all day long, while he was working. So he carried thither the poor thing, and laid him down upon the grass, close by a tree: but not in such a situation, that its branches would keep off the sun, which then was very sultry. His disorder was occasioned by the food his former master's people had permitted him to swallow down in far too great abundance, which had always been raw meat. The sun had scarcely warmed him thoroughly, but he began to move about, and with his little muzzle poke about the grass to seek those plants that instinct pointed out, as what would cure him. He had hardly swallowed

down a dozen blades, but he was better. Alexander, some time after he began to labour, left it to see how he did; and was surprized to find he had been strong enough to quit the spot where first he left him; and extremely glad to see him on his legs. He carried him the whole week after, every day, into the meadow, when the little animal was quite recovered. Never had he eat his meals with so much appetite. By this time, Alexander had expended the whole sixpence he received, in victuals for him, but observing him quite well, he was not sorry to divide with such a little creature his own victuals. He bestowed the name of *Favori* upon him. *Favori* grew prettier and prettier every day. His eyes, that had been dimmed by sickness, were rekindled now, and shot forth all their brilliancy. His limbs were reinstated in their former suppleness. His hair become as soft as silk, and of a colour white as any snow upon the mountains.

It was no long time, before the rumour of his comeliness had travelled to the house he came from; and the lady sent her footman with an offer of two guineas, to repurchase *Favori*. Oh no, said Alexander: she would sentence him again to death, if he were ill: but even were it not the case, I am resolved to keep him. What are her two guineas in comparison of *Favori's* affection? We love one another far too well, that we should part from one another.

ther. Alexander certainly was in the right. He would not have resigned his dog for any crown; and in revenge, his dog would not have quitted him for any prince on earth. He always used to follow him, or rather run before, whenever he went out, and play a thousand antics. After having helped his father in the fields, when Alexander left his spade a moment, and sat down to take his meal, he needed but cry out, hie! hie! and Favori, that moment would neglect his own affairs, come scampering to him, stand upon his two hind' legs, and while he wagged his tail with pleasure, take genteely from his lips one half of every mouthful, Alexander had to eat. The little boy had very rarely a whole belly full, yes, still it never made him melancholy, since his little Favori was every day affording him new pleasure.

But, alas, it was not to be long before he underwent a great misfortune. At the end of autumn, he was taken dangerously ill. His father spent the little money he had got in buying physic for him; but his little savings were soon gone. He recollected then the lady who had offered such a price to come at Favori again. Two guineas, in his situation, were to him as much as all the money in the Indies would, perhaps, have been to many others; so that he resolved to speak upon that subject to his son; but hardly had the father mentioned it, than he began to cry out lamentably,

never, never; and his fever grew considerably higher, owing to the agitation this proposal had produced within him.

He grew worse from day to day. A dreadful cholic was united with his fever to torment him: he would twist about, and roll upon his bed for hours together, in excruciating pain, and utter piercing cries. His little dog, on this, would come up to him, stand on his hind legs, and putting the two others on the bed, look at him in a moping manner, just as if he would have said: Alas, my sweet, dear master, how I pity you! On his part, Alexander would look wishfully, and say, whenever he was free enough from pain to speak: My sweet, dear Favori, I must be parted from you, then, alas. I was so happy as to save your life; but you, upon the other hand, poor little fellow, are unable to save mine. With this, he would let fall a shower of tears, and Favori would lick them from his burning cheeks.

There was a very merciful rich man that lived near Alexander's cottage, who was told of his distress. He came to learn if every thing was true, and give the poor sick boy such succour as he wanted. At the moment of his coming, little Alexander had his head supported on his father's arm. The father was extremely ill himself; and yet, the sight of his poor child in so much agony, afflicted him a great deal more than any pain he felt himself.

His

His arm, as I have said already, was supporting the poor little patient's head, while FAVORI, whose two fore paws were on the bed, at one time uttered mournful cries, and at another sought by twenty different motions to attract his master's observation.

This affecting picture touched the heart of Mr. MORRISON (the visitor), who now came in, and was already close to Alexander's bed, before the father saw him; and before even FAVORI could well turn round to bark at his approach: and when the father and the son fixed their astonished eyes upon him, his, as they observed, were full of tears.

In what a dismal situation, my dear friends, said Mr. MORRISON, do I not find you! Alexander, I am told, you have not wherewithal to buy your son those comforts his disorder stands in need of. Only for these two days past, said Alexander, have I been in such a situation. I had bread enough till then, for our subsistence, and a trifle to buy physic: but at present, I have nothing to dispose of, that my child may be supplied, except, indeed, this miserable bed he lies upon.

Young Alexander, at these words, stretched out his trembling hand to FAVORI, and gave a heart-felt sigh.

Poor child, said Mr. MORRISON, don't be afflicted: I will take care of you. Alexander, added he, addressing next his father, this apartment is too cold. Will you entrust your son

to me, that he may have a warmer. Will I, answered Alexander, falling at his feet. Yes, sir, and shall for ever thank your goodness.

Mr. Morrison would not permit this posture, raised the old man up, and stretched his hand out towards the little Alexander; after which, he left the cottage without saying so much as a word, intent, as it appeared he was, on making the first preparations. In about an hour, there came a stout, hale servant, who wrapped up the little Alexander in a good warm blanket, and thus brought him to his master's house. The father walked behind him; and his countenance was such, that hope and joy seemed busy in effacing long imprinted marks of sorrow. As for Favori, his countenance was not equivocal; he frisked along, and sometimes had his nose cocked upward in the air, and sometimes too his eyes directed towards his master, who would every now and then look through an opening in the blanket at him.

Thanks to Mr. Morrison's benevolence, and the assistance of a skilful doctor, Alexander's illness was soon checked. Till this, and even afterward, the faithful Favori would closely keep him company. It was in vain they sought to make him quit the apartment, and go out into the fields and meadows for a little air. He showed his master's father even no civility, excepting that of going with him to the landing place, whenever he went out of the
the

the apartment ; after which he would turn round upon a sudden, and re-enter the apartment, frisking round about the bed.

At the conclusion of a fortnight, Alexander was grown well enough to quit his chamber, and go home : his benefactor had been bountiful enough to give him a new suit of clothes, shirts, stockings, shoes, and hat. In these, it would have been no easy matter to discern the little Alexander ; but his faithful Favori did not mistake him ; and I leave you, my good friends, to judge his raptures, when he once more saw his master out of doors, and walking. He could now, without restraint, and better far than in a chamber, play his gambols.

The first word old Alexander uttered on receiving his poor little fellow, was the name of Morrison. Without this worthy gentleman, said he, I should have lost you : what reward, then, can you make his goodness.

I have thought of that already, father, said young Alexander, but can never tell you ; and on that he turned away his head, to hide a tear. What I can give him, you shall know to-morrow, added he.

He went betimes to bed, and yet could take no rest. All night till morning, he did nothing else than turn about and sigh.

Upon the morrow, when his father asked him how he had resolved to show his gratitude, the little man had not sufficient strength of mind to answer,

answer, otherwise than as he stood by pointing to his dog.

He put his clothes on, and went out; but with so violent an effort, that it was not difficult to see how much his courage cost him. Favori, as usual, followed. Never had he been so frisky as he was that day: he cut so many capers, as he went, that every person noticed his behaviour, envying the possessor of so elegant a little creature: but by how much Favori was merry, just by so much Alexander, on the other hand, was sad. Alas, said he, you would not be so happy, did you know you are so soon to lose me. Lately, I would rather have expired for want of physic, than accept your mistress's two guineas; and at present, I must give you to another, if I would not be ungrateful for my cure. Ah poor, dear Favori!

Amid these sorrowful reflections, he was come to Mr. Morrison's. He crossed the outer court, went up the steps, but having reached the door, his heart sunk in him; yet he took up Favori, and knocked. As soon as he was introduced to Mr. Morrison, he fell down at his feet, and said, but all the while sobbed lamentably, oh, my worthy sir, I owe my life and every thing to your compassion, and have nothing but my dog to give you for such goodness. Look, sir, I have brought him with me. 'Tis not without pain I give him up,
but

but you would give me much more pain should you refuse him.

Mr. Morrison had such a heart as every one should have who would himself be happy, and make others happy likewise. This ingenuous method of address in Alexander, made him smile; and yet he was not touched thereby so much, as by the greatness of the little fellow's sacrifice, because he knew the strength of his attachment. He made answer, no; my grateful little man. I will not grieve you by refusing Favori. I take your generous offer, and am paid for every favour done you; but at present, being out of one another's debt, let me return him, for the pleasure I have found in seeing you thus grateful.

What, sir, said the little boy, and could not finish.

Yes, my child, said Mr. Morrison, I am more satisfied than you can be, in making you thus happy.

Alexander, who before had been so sorrowful, was now transported with his joy. He looked astonished at his benefactor, and shed tears; but they were tears of pleasure.

Mr. Morrison was not content with this first benefit bestowed on Alexander. An employ was vacant in his house, he let the father have it, and put out the boy apprentice. Favori lived happy in the family. Ah, frequently would Alexander say, and hug him, 'tis to you I owe

66 THE DOG PRESERVED, &c.

owe my happiness. He loved him every day still more than he had done on the preceding; and in some few years, when any one residing in the village, spoke of two good friends, the names of *Alexander* and *Favori* were mentioned.

T H E

VOLUNTEER RETURNED.

THUS, then, breathes the land again;
And uniting in one strain,
Vanquished and victorious bands,
Tir'd of slaughterous war, shake hands.
Peace, with countenance serene
Sweetly smiling, cheers the scene:
While her olive she displays,
And no more in bloody frays
Needs thy sword; but home again
Sends thee to thy native plain,
On a steed, whose feet all day
Stumble on the weary way.

Child to thy lov'd parents dear,
Now their happiness draws near;

Since

THE VOLUNTEER RETURNED. 67

Since no longer they need dread
Lest the laurel round thy head
Should to baleful cypreſs turn,
Circling thy funereal urn.
Happy that thou liv'ſt, they ſay,
On the morning of each day,
Grant, good heaven, ere day be done,
Once more we may ſee our ſon.
But day ends, and thou, dear boy,
Com'ſt not to afford them joy.
So, at eve, they wail; and wait
Next day's coming, that with gait
Slow draws near; but creeps away,
Bootleſs as the former day.

Comes, however, home at laſt,
Many a tedious winter paſt,
He they wiſh. The darling boy
Anxious for his parents' joy.
All their ecſtaſy I find
Now exiſting in my mind.
Promiſing young man, my heart
In thy tranſport bears its part.
All thy coming joys I ſhare,
Feel, and to the world declare.

Night with her oblivious ſhade
Still the hemisphere array'd;
Silence reign'd, and not a ſound
Murmur'd the vaſt concave round.
Avarice' ſelf, whoſe troubled breaſt
Sleeps ſo ſeldom, now had reſt.
Thou alone conceiv'd'ſt it day,
Such thy ſpeed to poſt away!

And

68 THE VOLUNTEER RETURNED.

And up springing from the bed
Where last night thou laid'st thy head,
In an inn, thy early noise
Wakes host, hostess, man, and boys.
Nay, sir, but the cock, says one,
Has not yet his matin sung.
Matin, cries another, yawning,
Day yet wants an hour of dawning;—
Murmuring to no end, since thou
Booted for thy journey now,
Climb'st thy courser, and the spur
Pliest to make his tir'd limbs stir,
That at length, with dawn of day,
Mount a summit on the way.

Eager there thou look'st around
O'er the spacious tract of ground,
Anxious the dear scene to view
Where thy earliest breath thou drew.
All the lengthen'd space, between
Where thou stand'st and that dear scene,
(Travel only for an hour,)
Wouldst thou in thy mind devour;
And the interval compute
Such as with thy wish would suit.
In idea, far aloof
Rises thy paternal roof;
But drawn nearer now, thy mind
Other roofs sees rise behind.
Thus Telemachus, what time
Rose in thought his native clime,
Fancied he could see the shore
Still change place, and flee before.

But

THE VOLUNTEER RETURNED. 69

But at length yon pine, that shrouds
Proudly its tall head in clouds:
Why dost thou regard it so?
Yes, thou criest; that pine I know;
Know it nigh my father's door,
Know my travel's now nigh o'er.
At the sight, my spirits bound,
Joy within me drives them round:
Pleasure's grateful tear I feel,
Down my cheeks, delightful steal.
This is now no empty scene:
Charming hills! sweet vales between!
Fields, groves, meads, and every tree
Round our cot, I soon shall see!

Neither did thy distant view,
Aught belie, as near thou drew.
Since what erst, thy aching eye
Sent before thee could scarce spy,
Such as weather-cock and spire,
Mansion turret of the squire,
Fields, and ev'ry object too,
Near thy cot, rose full in view.
What new joys exceeding those,
That before within thee rose,
Did not to thy filial heart
This assurance then impart:
There thy birth, thrice favour'd boy,
Gave thy parents heart-felt joy.
There, of both the guardian hand
Safe thro' snares, a num'rous band,
Train'd thee to each virtuous deed,
Always ready at thy need.

70 THE VOLUNTEER RETURNED.

There, since that now distant day,
When thou went'st in arms away,
Has their love from first to last,
Summ'd the moments as they past.
There too, anxious now they burn,
Waiting thy long-wish'd return.

Nor does only thy pleas'd eye,
Scenes thy cottage round, descry ;
Barb, thy beast, remarks them too,
And springs on with ardour new.
Now thou passest thro' the town,
Ey'd by many a gaping clown,
That each other cheerful tell
Who thou art, and wish thee well.
Thou, to ev'ry word thus heard,
Answer'st not a single word ;
But, on the succeeding day,
Will their wish, with thine repay.

In a room of their abode,
Built by rule of ancient mode,
Large, and not as now designed,
Only for an air confined,
Sit thy parents, in a wide
Circle, by a good fire side.
Busy, at their needle, chat
Wife and child of this and that.
Husband, fronting ; and with him,
Friends, that led by chance or whim,
Occupied in sage debate,
Talk of king, and church, and state ;
Talk of taxes manifold ;
Talk of weather hot and cold ;

Talk

THE VOLUNTEER RETURNED. 71

Talk of son too ; till a cry
 Makes them to the window fly.
 Yes ; exclaims the ancient pair,
 Yes, 'tis he ! our son ! 'tis Clare.
 So the rest ; and with a shout
 Rush to meet him while without.
 First thy sister : Is't then he ?
 Brother, cried she out, I see ?
 Thee, said then thy parents too,
 Is it, that thus safe we view ?
 Ah, thy name but now, dear son,
 Was, as always, on our tongue ;
 And we fear'd,—but let that fear
 Vanish, since at length thou'rt here,
 Five long years ! and all that time
 Distant from thy native clime !
 Distant, likewise, from our fight !—
 But my place thou fill'dst in fight.
 And thy life, full well I knew,
 To thy country's weal was due.
 At these words, a blushful grace
 Overspread thy glowing face ;
 Fierce thine eye, as his who fills
 With loud war, the Thracian hills.
 And yet gentle as thy fire's,
 His whose heart soft love inspires.
 While the good old man, thus blest,
 Clasps thee to his throbbing breast ;
 And thy heart, with joy elate,
 Feels against his, palpitate.

In her arms, thy mother, too,
 Clasps thee, weeps, and smiles anew ;

72 THE VOLUNTEER RETURNED.

And much fears she ought to deem
 All the present a vain dream.
 Friends and neighbours all draw near,
 Fill with compliments thy ear;
 Round thee, with affection, fling
 Their fond arms, and lead thee in.
 But thy sister, most of all,
 Ardent to obey love's call,
 Rushes forward with a bound;
 Clasps thy hand, and folds thee round,
 Brother dear of mine, says she,
 How days differ now, I see!
 Yesterday, I know how sad
 Seem'd I, while to-day I'm glad.
 Art thou tir'd? and love's bright flame,
 Burns it in thy heart the same?
 Why, whilst absent, use not then
 Oftener than thou didst thy pen?
 Thus all writing to forego!
 And to me that lov'd thee so!
 Was that well? Yet be not sad,
 Now that thy dear sister's glad.

Last comes in the serving man,
 He who, when thy years began,
 Often carried thee about,
 Never tired, the day throughout.
 Joy proclaims on both his cheeks
 Half his meaning, e'er he speaks.
 What, good heavens! and can it be?
 My young master! Is this he?
 Oh how tall he is! and how
 Manly looks his polish'd brow!

But

THE VOLUNTEER RETURNED. 73

But how short, and of a mien
Boyish, when at home last seen !
Bless'd be heaven that sends him home,
Safe at last, no more to roam !
How delightful to behold
Looks he in his red and gold !
What delight must madam find,
Rise in her maternal mind !
And I too !

Delightful bands !
Friendship ! love ! and native land's !
Ne'er may such as scorn you, know
One enjoyment you bestow.
With unlimited controul
Govern ye my inmost soul.
To my breast, a wretch unknown,
Be the man that does not own
Transports animate his frame,
When he hears his mother's name ;
From whose eye no tear descends,
When he folds long absent friends,
And who doom'd for years to roam
Far from his parental home,
Feels no inward joy ensue,
When to greet his outward view,
As he journeys on the road,
Rises his desir'd abode.

CHARITY PERFORMED IN SECRET.

To Mrs. * * * * *,
of Richmond.

Madam,

WHAT enjoyment have you not procured me, in distributing your charity, by my unworthy means, to that poor family at T—— you were desirous to relieve. Enjoyment, satisfaction, happiness, and every other sweet sensation of the soul surround and penetrate me. It is therefore very just, dear madam, I should make you a partaker with me, by describing what accompanied the distribution of your charity among the poor forsaken individuals of this wretched family. But is it possible? not so, but that the scene described inevitably must fall short of the original. It will, however, yield some pleasure, though that pleasure loses much in the description; but deficient as it is, you have a right thereto, and 'tis as follows:

Being come to T——, I went that moment to the cottage, where this object of your bounty

bounty lives, or rather languishes; for his existence cannot surely be called life. I found him sitting at his garden door, in such a situation that the sun might shine upon him; for he told me, while we were employed in conversation with each other, he could scarcely keep up any sort of warmth within him. By his chair, there were two crutches, and the bible lay wide open on his knee, in which he had been reading, as he told me, part of Job: one leg was covered with a roll of cloth; the other had a thick yarn stocking on it. I informed him, I was come with money for him from a charitable lady, who would not be known; but *that*, I added will not lessen the relief she sends you, 'tis ten guineas: take them, good old man, said I, and may God's blessing render them as serviceable, as your benefactors wishes they may be.

The old man took the money, with a look expressive of astonishment and joy: it was, methought, as if the sun had let in day upon the world, at midnight; such was his surprise! I do not undertake to show it you in words, because impossible. I only tell you, that at last, when he had testified his joy and gratitude in twenty ways, he blessed your name, and went so far as to compare you to that God who had inspired your bosom with a wish of being serviceable to him and his children. She is verily like God, said he; she does me good, and is unseen.

I pass

I pass to a description of our conversation. Already I have told you, he had just before been reading in the book of Job. It furnished matter for me to go on with, after I had finished on the subject of your charity. I know the whole by heart, or nearly so, said he; because I always read it, since it comforts me. A neighbour here last winter lent me a much larger printed book, but then, I did not like it half so well, and gave it back. How long, my friend, said I, may you have lost your wife?

THE OLD MAN. Full six-and-thirty years ago.

MYSELF. How old, at that time, were your children? (I forgot to tell you, madam, he has three.)

THE OLD MAN. Nanny, who was youngest, might be eighteen months, or thereabouts. Margaret was at least three years; and Charlotte five.

MYSELF. And how did you contrive to bring up these three children, after their poor mother's death?

THE OLD MAN. I found it very difficult indeed.

MYSELF. You did not let them go a begging?

THE OLD MAN. Let them go a begging! God forbid.

MYSELF. Nor did you send them to the workhouse, I suppose?

The

THE OLD MAN. No, never. Yet my neighbours bade me do so. Those, for whom I worked were very often used to say: but, William, how will you bring up those three poor children with no other money than your eight pence every day? Take our advice, and let the parish have them. Send them to the workhouse. Well, then, I will send them to the workhouse, answered I; and on the evening of the day I first took up this resolution, coming home from work, I whispered to myself, as I remember, almost all the way: and is it true then that necessity obliges me to send my children to the workhouse? upon which, in consequence of pondering it so often, I could not refrain from tears. When I was got in doors, the three poor children came up running to me, and inquired why I was crying. In the mean time, I sat down; I took them up in turn upon my knee; I kissed them, and said after to myself: And which of these poor things shall I send first away? I burst out into tears a second time, and did not send them.

MYSELF. And where, pray, are all these children? I see only one.

THE OLD MAN. Yes, Nanny: it is now her turn, poor child! to wait upon me,

MYSELF. How her turn?

THE OLD MAN. Yes, sir; for since I cannot pay a servant for attending on me, and should die for want of help, if I were left alone, they take it in their turn to live with me, the
space

CHARITY PERFORMED

space of four months each; and when their four months are expired, go back again to service.

MYSELF. You should die for want of help, you say: and have you any bodily distemper then?

The OLD MAN. Alas, sir, many: and the least of all, an accident that happened twenty years ago to my right arm. A waggon some how or another threw me down, and, as you see, passed over both my arm and hand; of which, it crushed the bones, and mangled my right cheek. *(The old man here pushed up his woollen cap, and showed the place.)*

MYSELF. Poor man!

The OLD MAN. But this I could submit to, were it not that I am grievously tormented with the stone, which, not to mention the intolerable agony it puts me to, is the occasion of a deal of pain and trouble to my poor dear children, who are often forced, and even in the winter season, to get up six, seven, nay, eight times in the night, that they may help me. Then, as I have said already, I can hardly keep the least degree of warmth within me, so that every night in winter, even had I not the stone, my daughters must get up to put a flint made hot among the embers every thirty minutes to my feet, and change it for another, when grown cold. Oh, I assure you, sir, I give them all a deal of trouble, which I cannot help.

MYSELF. You tell me very patiently what
misery

misery you endure : but I hear you, not without some motion. I am very sorry 'tis not in my power to help you with advice ; but if you chuse it, I will pay a doctor to attend, and see what service he can do you.

THE OLD MAN. No, no ; thank you, my dear gentleman, but I am now too old. Besides, 'tis God has ordered me all these misfortunes ; if he pleases, after all, I should get well again, no doubt but he will cure me without any doctor's aid.

MYSELF. But sure you cannot think God orders us to make no use of doctors ! On the other hand, whenever they prescribe a remedy, if it restores the patient to his health, God's blessing has been first of all bestowed upon it.

THE OLD MAN. Yes ; I understand that matter as you do : but certainly, if God designed I should be cured, he would perform that cure himself ; for since he meant I should not die of hunger, did he not think fit to send you hither with your friend, that blessed lady's charity.

And here our conversation ended ; let me therefore, my dear madam, ask you, if these parting words were not equivalent to all the money you bestowed, and highly worth the pains it cost me, in conveying it from Richmond to the poor man's habitation.

When I left him, it was not without informing him, that possibly your charity might still, upon occasions, be extended to him. Having

got to my apartment, I indulged a train of thoughts upon beneficence, of which I mean to give you a detail, as what your generous nature will be pleased with.

I conceived myself disposed to charity much more in consequence of having been your messenger upon this charitable business than before I thought I was. It is not always reasoning on this virtue, thought I to myself, makes men beneficent. We never have a greater wish to give, than when we are employed in giving. Let us honour human nature neither more nor less than it deserves; but let our judgement be impartial; and depend upon it, madam, we shall see that vice and virtue both obtain admission to the heart, through that propensity we have towards imitation of whatever we see done. For instance; the first time a man gets into any tippling house, he is not then a drunkard; but he drinks, first moderately, afterwards immoderately, and soon grows fond of liquor. It is just so likewise with benevolence. When, for the first time, we have sipped her cup, the liquor seems so sweet, that we would wish to be at all times drinking of it. And what pity, madam, that as many as are tired of every worldly pleasure, do not, like yourself, try this. Satiety and loathing never would attend it: and besides, it is not ruinous. Remorse of conscience always costs us much more money than the blessings of a family preserved from misery would.

I know

I know you turn all circumstances to the instruction of those lovely children Providence has blessed you with. Let me then, in my humble way, co-operate, dear madam, with your mother-like intention; and forgive my forwardness, if I desire you to read over this epistle to them. Carefully examine the impression it shall make upon them: if they enter properly into the spirit of it, 'tis a sign they will be worthy of you. And whilst now I am upon the subject of your children, I will take the freedom of informing you what observation I have made, for some time past, upon the governesses's manner of instructing them. I have remarked, that to improve their memory, she makes them learn from day to day choice extracts from good authors, but supposes it unnecessary to improve their inclination to beneficence. For this, she counts too much upon their disposition, and the force of your example. Both are very excellent indeed: but, madam, actions of beneficence, proceeding from themselves, would be much better: and of this, I am so well convinced, that were I but a country parson, I would not be satisfied with preaching up beneficence, but do much more: I would promote, by every method, in my parish, a subscription for providing bread and other wholesome food to give the poor; and on a Sunday, after sermon, give the little ones among my congregation each a basket, and employ them in distributing this bread, &c.; such I

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mean as should have pleased me most by their behaviour : but the rest should have no basket.

Be assured, dear madam, that a set of men and women thus habituated in their infancy, for twelve or fourteen years, would bring forth noble fruit for half a century : and then one generation would instruct another. It is now high time to close my letter, that is written after my arrival at an inn.

I am, dear madam,

Your's, &c.

M. A. M.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS TAUGHT MERCY.

A tutor in the family of Mrs. Harrison appears, and has the little pupil, Philip, in his arms ; but Philip struggles, so that he is forced to put him down, and rest for breath.

The TUTOR.

AH, ah ! you little monster ! you are at your tricks again then, are you ? Oh, you must not fancy the correction I have given you half enough for such a crime ; but your mama shall

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shall know how merciful you are, and punish you herself too.

PHILIP (*crying.*) Pray forgive me, sir, this once, and I will never do the like again. Don't tell mama.

THE TUTOR. Don't tell her! All the house already knows it. Your mama would learn it from another, and in that case fancy I encouraged you in such a cruel disposition, by concealing your barbarity. No, no, sir; she must know it, and this instant.

PHILIP. Well then; no one saw me do it. I will say, the cat had got upon the table in my room, and run her face against a lighted piece of paper in my hand; and that the maid, who heard the cat, came up and told her fellow servants it was I had hurt her for the purpose.

THE TUTOR. For the purpose! So you did.

PHILIP. But I can make mama believe the whole was pussy's doing, as I just now mentioned.

THE TUTOR. Oh, fine talking! your mama will not believe you quite so easily as you imagine. She is well acquainted with your tricks, and knows that not a creature in the house can 'scape your cruelty: if you get hold of any of them, they are sure to suffer. You will do them all the harm you can.

PHILIP. Well, sir; but have I done you any harm? Why then should you desire to do me any? You have punished me yourself, and

would you have mama too do the same ? You ought to call that cruelty, I think : besides, it was not from a cruel disposition I burnt pussy's whiskers off. I only wished to see how funny she would look without them.

THE TUTOR. Funny ! So you call it funny then, to see a creature suffer pain ? Besides, to single out Miss Helen's cat for such a purpose, who, you must remember, loves the little thing so much !

PHILIP. Oh, you love my sister better than you do the cat ; and better too than me, and therefore you are angry with me.

THE TUTOR. You shall see what your mama will say, when I have told her. She, I fancy, loves you.

PHILIP. But why tell her ? Pray, sir, for this once, forgive me. I will never do the like again ; and as I said before, you have already beat me. Sure one punishment will do for one offence :—

THE TUTOR. And then too, there's your friend, who means to visit your mama this morning : he has sent a letter, signifying he will come in half an hour at farthest : what will he say to you ?

PHILIP. What, indeed ? and therefore I have greater reason to desire you would forgive me, and not mention every thing you know. Pray do ; forgive me, and don't let me lose my friend : he never will be brought to look again upon me.

The

The TUTOR. Well then, since the mischief is now done, and as already I have punished you, —

PHILIP. And as I promise I will never do the like again.

The TUTOR. Yes, yes, on these considerations ; therefore I will soften the affair as much as can be done, when your mama appears : but mind you, this once only.

PHILIP. Yes, sir ; this once only. If I ever —

The TUTOR. Hush ! here your mama is coming.

Mrs. HARRISON (*entering with a bunch of rods.*) Where can this abominable little wretch of mine be got to ? — Oh, sir, you are here ! Well, you have been again, they tell me, at your tricks !

PHILIP. Mama, it was not I that burnt the cat. I had a piece of paper in my hand on fire, the cat was on the table, and she ran her nose against it. Ask my Tutor if I tell a story.

The TUTOR. I must say indeed, good madam, that the matter is by no means certain. He will have it, that the cat was on the table playing, I suppose, as any other cat so young would do. Mahogany, you know, is very slippery. So 'tis not impossible but she might run against the lighted paper, as he tells you.

PHILIP. Yes, 'tis not impossible, but she might run her nose against the lighted paper.

So I told you ; and my Tutor knows the whole affair you see.

THE TUTOR. In short, I cannot think he could have been so wicked as to burn the cat on purpose.

Mrs. HARRISON. And why not ? when his unluckiness so often——

THE TUTOR. Yes, indeed, he has been frequently unlucky, I must say : but there is still a deal of difference ; for respecting his preceding tricks, such as his going up to the balcony with a fishing line, and pulling off the people's wigs, and strewing peas upon the stairs to fling folks down, with half a score such pranks ;—all these are merely wantonnesses ; but to burn on purpose a poor little kitten, is a piece of such deliberate cruelty, that I cannot think he would be guilty of it ; therefore——

Mrs. HARRISON. I have heard you patiently ; but am not in the least persuaded : On the other hand, I must inform you, my good friend, your kindness is ingenious to excuse him upon all occasions, and *that* only makes him worse. (*To Philip.*) So get you up this moment to your chamber. I will come and punish you as you deserve.

PHILIP. Pray, pray, my dear Mama ! Upon my word and honour,——

Mrs. HARRISON. Get you gone, I say, before I—Get you gone. (*The Tutor takes his Pupil out.*)

Mrs. HARRISON (*alone.*) How plaguing are

are these children!—Every day, and all day long, some matter or another happening!

The VISITOR (*already mentioned by the Tutor entering; Mrs. Harrison lays down the rod.*)

Ah, my dear, good lady! I am glad to see you.

Mrs. HARRISON. And I you, believe me. Well, and how do all our friends in London? Mrs. Robson, and the lovely little Ann particularly?

The VISITOR. All in health and spirits. And your's likewise? I was anxious to get down: the recollection of the pleasure I enjoyed last Summer with you, made me come the sooner.

Mrs. HARRISON. Sir, you could not come too soon; and every thing is ready for you. On examination, you will find, in your apartment, things have been displaced no farther than was necessary to keep matters wholesome. Even your two little sparrows are as well as ever.

The VISITOR. And as tame; as that is what I keep them for: but, madam, when I entered you were armed. You made me think of Jupiter, as he is represented with his thunder. But what crime were you about to punish? Possibly your little Hercules, to whom you would prescribe some labours?—But why so? You have not surely the same reasons as the vengeful Juno had, to punish him.

Mrs. HARRISON. My little Hercules, as you are pleased to call him, every day grows more
and

and more unlucky. He is always teizing every animal about the house he can lay hold of; and just now, he burnt a little kitten's whiskers off belonging to his sister. I am vexed to death at his behaviour.

The VISITOR. But why vexed? That little hero exercises, very possibly, his strength upon domestic animals, that in the sequel, after Hercules's great example, he may rid the country of those monsters that are destined to attack it.

Mrs. HARRISON. Oh, a truce, sir, to your poetry, and heathen stuff; and enter rather into an afflicted mother's situation, who discovers in her child, at such a tender age, this unaccountable propensity to cruel actions; which, if not corrected, may have dreadful consequences.

The VISITOR. Oh, since you consider things in such a serious manner, I must see if I have not the ingenuity to hit upon some plan of conduct that will give you consolation. Philip is, as yet, so young, he does not know what good and evil are. You ought to teach him then; but not as generally is the custom, under pain of punishment inflicted on his body; but by speaking to his understanding, without rods or menaces.

Mrs. HARRISON. Without them? I am tired of exhortations: they have no effect upon him.

The VISITOR. Neither is it exhortations Philip wants; but something of a very different kind. Examples, madam, drawn from nature.

Yes,

Yes, examples are what children want. Their little understandings constantly retain much better what they see, than what they may be told of.

Mrs. HARRISON. This indeed is not to be disputed : what then shall I do ? You talk so sensibly, I shall rejoice to be your scholar.

The VISITOR. I have hatched a thought, and would you think it, those two sparrows, you just spoke of, are concerned therein : if I succeed, I shall be glad to think I have begun my summing with you so successfully. These sparrows, though they should have lost a little of the habit I had brought them to before I went away last autumn, are yet tame enough to furnish me the means of waking in the heart of your unlucky little man a powerful sensibility for all dumb creatures ; for that sensibility, I cannot but persuade myself he is possessed of, though it has not yet had time enough to show itself in action.

Mrs. HARRISON. Ah, my dear, good sir, go on ; or let me know, at least, what your design is.

The VISITOR. I will go up stairs, (I think I know the way) to fetch my sparrows, and instruct your servant in the nature of my project ; so that they may fly into the room here through the window, just as if they came themselves. When I am gone, do you send some one to bring down the little boy. I shall be back again immediately. You will perceive at once
'tis

'tis necessary you should give into my scheme, that it may take effect on Philip : and the consequence, I hope, will show you he is not so wicked as his tutor possibly may represent him; who, himself, perhaps knows nothing of the way by which he ought to educate a child of such vivacity as yours. Be quick then, and send for him; so that I may find him here at my return.

Mrs. HARRISON. Go, go; and I will ring the bell to have him. (*The Visitor goes out, and Mrs. Harrison continues speaking to a servant at the entrance.*) Bring the child down stairs. I want him; but without his tutor. (*Returning to the table.*) What a deal of care the education of young children costs one! How much are not parents to be pitied, who do every thing they can to train them up in virtue, and in spite of all the attention in their power, so frequently are disappointed. (*To Philip entering.*) Well, sir, are you sorry for the cruelty you have committed in thus treating a poor little animal, that never did you any harm?

PHILIP. But—I assure you—dear mama—

Mrs. HARRISON. I know it all, sir: therefore do not think of telling stories any longer, or concealing your offence, however heinous, by another, which, be certain, I should find it much more difficult to pardon.

PHILIP. Well then, dear mama, if this time only you forgive me, I will never do the like again—Indeed I will not.

Mrs.

Mrs. HARRISON. Should you ever—(*She is interrupted by the visitor's appearing.*)—But here comes your friend, who, at the moment he first comes into the room, is to be treated with your crying. Ah, fir, I would rise and welcome you on your arrival; but am so distressed, I know not what I do.

The VISITOR. I see it plainly; and on that account do I myself forbear all ceremony on my entrance. What may be the matter? I should think you angry with my little friend.

Mrs. HARRISON. Ah, fir, your little friend has shown himself a cruel monster,—that—

PHILIP (*Aside to his mother.*) Oh, pray, mama, don't tell him any thing: he would not love me for the future half so much as he has done.

Mrs. HARRISON (*To Philip.*) Yes, yes, fir; for your punishment I must inform him of the whole affair. (*To the Visitor.*) What would you think, fir, of a child who had the cruelty to finge a little kitten's face, that never did him any harm, and burn off both her whiskers?

The VISITOR. I would say, he could not know how great a cruelty he was committing; or provided he did know it, I should think him nothing but a monster every one should run away from.

(*Here a servant is discovered through the window getting up a ladder, with a cage in one hand. He takes out a sparrow, which he has in*
readi-

readiness, upon a token from the owner, to let fly into the room.)

Mrs. HARRISON. Do you hear that, Philip?

PHILIP. Yes, mama; and I am very sorry for it. Pray forgive me, sir.

The VISITOR. If your mama forgives you, I shall certainly do so: but if at any time I hear the like again.

PHILIP. Oh, you never shall, sir, I promise you.

The VISITOR. If you should break your word, I must despise you. *(The servant on a token lets the bird go, and it flies into the room.)*

PHILIP *(seeing it fly round the room.)* Oh, a bird! a bird!—Mama, a bird! *(running after it.)* Pray catch it for me, sir.—Here, here it is.—Quick! quick!

The VISITOR. I have it.

PHILIP. Give it me, sir, will you?

Mrs. HARRISON. No, don't let him have it. He would kill it very soon.

The VISITOR. Indeed? Do you believe so, madam? I, for my part, think he would not do it any harm.

PHILIP. No, no, indeed, I will not: do pray let me have it.

The VISITOR. There it is, my little man—But tell me what will you do with it?

PHILIP. I will give it victuals; and then put it in a cage, and take it out again; and hug and kiss it all day long, and hold it in both hands.—See; thus, sir.

The

THE VISITOR. Yes, yes, in both hands. So too, I say! And thus, in very fondness for the little creature, you will not give over, till you kill it. Should you keep it in your hand, it would be dead before to-morrow. Look you, my good little Philip, you can do much better with this bird than keep it; and provided you consent to do it, I shall know you have a generous, tender, and compassionating heart.

PHILIP. And what, sir?

THE VISITOR. Hear me. This poor little bird, like you, may have a father and a mother, who are in some nest about the garden.

PHILIP. Well?

THE VISITOR. If you should keep him here, they will suppose him lost or killed at night, when he would otherwise have certainly come home. And who can tell but they are ill; in which case, they must be in want of food, and are expecting the return of their dear child with some to satisfy their hunger. Trust me therefore, my good man, when I inform you, it will be much better to release this fluttering little thing, than make both him and his poor parents miserable. Were you in his place, would you not really rejoice, if any little boy would do the same for you.

PHILIP. Yes, yes; but,—he is very pretty:—and I should be quite delighted if,—or stay a little,—Truly, I believe, sir, you are in the right.—And so, mama, I'll let him go.—His

pa' and ma' will both be very happy :—will they not, mama, at seeing him come home ?

Mrs. HARRISON. They will so, my dear child :—and I too shall be happy if you have that generosity.

PHILIP (*going to the window with the bird, and letting it fly out.*) Well then, mama—Ah ! ah !—the little creature !—there he goes !

The VISITOR. Well done, my little friend. And now inform me if you do not feel a certain satisfaction in your heart, a certain pleasure that accompanies the doing any generous action ?—Such a pleasure as you did not certainly experience, when you burnt the little kitten's whiskers ?

PHILIP. Yes, I do indeed : yes, I assure you, my good friend ; for this poor little bird, as I suppose, will go and tell his pa' and ma' about me, and inform them, how I let him go when he was frightened, and perhaps imagined I should kill him.

The VISITOR. Very likely he will do all this. Nay, I have got a notion in my head, that either one or other will come here, and thank you for the kindness you have shewn them, in restoring their beloved young one to his liberty ; when, on the other hand, you might have killed him, just as well as twenty wicked children would have done.

PHILIP. Come here and thank me ? Do you really believe so ? Well ! I should be glad of such a visit ! Very glad indeed !—and

it

it would cure me for the time to come of hurting any little bird whatever.

THE VISITOR. Yes; and—(*He gives his token, and the servant at the window let his other sparrow fly into the room.*) But see there!—there! there! just as I mentioned!—Look you! 'Tis the father, or else mother, I would lay you any wager, that is come to thank you! Yes, 'tis one of them indeed! it must be; though I don't know which—But I shall catch him very quickly.

PHILIP. Oh, no, no, sir: we might hurt him: I am glad (*he jumps about the room for joy*) the little thing is come thus instantly to thank me. Should we catch him, his poor child might be uneasy too in turn.—We must not keep him from returning home this moment. He has paid his visit: has he not, mama?—(*To the sparrow.*)—Go, pretty little bird, Go home directly to your young ones,—I am glad I let him fly. (*He drives the sparrow towards the window with his handkerchief.*) Go, go; for you have thanked me quite enough.—Aye, there the little one sets off. So much the better! I am happier a deal, mama, at present, than I should be, had I kept them both.

THE VISITOR. Well, madam, you see plainly now, your little man is not so cruel as you thought him. He wants nothing in the world, but to be taught by means within the reach or compass of his understanding, how much pleasure mercy always gives us.

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Mrs. HARRISON. Come hither, my dear Philip. Come, and kiss me. And remember for the time to come, how pleased you are at present, in the thought of having treated those poor birds with so much kindness.

PHILIP. Yes, mama: I am convinced, we should treat others in the way we would ourselves be treated.

T H E

GROVE AND AQUEDUCT.

TWO travellers, Lychas and Alexis, were proceeding with their sacrifice to Delphos, where they meant to offer it. Already they perceived the hill on which Apollo's temple, ornamented with white columns rose, amid a grove of laurel. Further off, their sight was lost on the immense expansion of the sea. It was about the hour of noon. The sands they trod on scorched their feet; a cloud of burning dust rose round about them as they walked, and settled on their lips, parched up for want of moisture. They proceeded in this cheerless languor

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languor for a weary length of way, but were at last encouraged to pursue their journey, by the prospect of a group of trees. The shade they yielded was as solemn as the night's; and with a sacred dread they got into the grove, where they respired a charming freshness. The retreat afforded them, at once, whatever could regale their senses; a delicious current of fresh water flowed along, conducted thither by an artificial conduit. Every tree was loaded with a quantity of golden apples; and their trunks were interlaced with eglantine and blackberries.

Oh heavens, began Alexis, what enjoyments in this place! My bosom blesses him, whose hand first planted this soft shade: and very possibly, 'tis here his ashes have been buried.

Lychas, while his friend was making this short exclamation, had examined every part of the asylum; and at length, cried out, here is a tomb among these honeysuckles, that shoot forth with such luxuriance, and there are certain characters, if I mistake not, cut upon it. Possibly we shall discover who was the kind man that condescended to provide a shelter and refectory for the traveller wearied with his journey. Upon that, he put aside the branches, with his staff, and read what follows:

"Here repose the ashes of Amyntas. His whole life was one continued series of kind actions. - Wishing to do good, even after his decease, he brought this course of water hither,

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and surrounded it on all sides with the trees that shade you."

Blessed be thy ashes, generous man, exclaimed Alexis, in a transport of religious fervour. May thy children, and all those that have survived thee in thy house, be blessed for ever.

Saying these last words, they saw a female coming towards them. She was young and beautiful, and had a pitcher on her arm, with which she was approaching to draw water. I salute you, said the damsel in a gracious manner, you are strangers, and no doubt, exhausted with the labour of your journey over the dry sands. Pray tell me, would you wish for more refreshment than this place affords?

We thank you, answered Lychas and Alexis, lovely and beneficent young woman. What can we wish further than the presents round about us? The sweet water of this fountain is so pure! these fruits are so delicious! and this shade so fresh! We are absorbed in veneration for the man of bounty who lies here. His goodness has prevented every wish of weary voyagers. We doubt not you are an inhabitant hard by, and may have known him. While we rest beneath the shade, pray tell us who he was.

At this, the maid put down her pitcher, and began the conversation with a gracious smile, as follows:

Since you wish to know the story of that
bounteous

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bounteous man, whose ashes are here laid at rest, how he conducted hither this pure stream, and planted this soft shade, I will inform you.

He was called Amyntas. To revere the gods and benefit mankind, was his supreme delight. Through all this country, there is not a shepherd but reveres his memory. There is not one but has some instance to produce of his integrity or goodness, which he dwells upon with tears. In his decline of life, he was accustomed to come hither, and sit down beside the public way. With affability and goodness he saluted those that passed him, and had constantly some sort or other of refreshment to bestow upon the way-worn man. One day, as he was meditating, what, said he, if I should plant a grove of fruit trees by this pathway, and bring hither a refreshing rill? The benefits of shade and water, are not nigh this spot. I should, in that case, be remembered after my decease, and comfort the tired man who faints beneath the mid-day sun. This project was immediately compleated. With his feeble hands, the untiring man brought hither through long windings, this pure stream, and planted round about it all these fertile trees, whose fruit grows ripe at the accustomed season; but he did not live to see them in their vigour lift aloft their tufted branches in the spring, or sink beneath the burden of their fruits in autumn. He beheld, however, their first growth, and walked a little while beneath the thriving umbrage,
when

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when the gods, that they might recompence the sooner his beneficence, translated him to glory. In this place we buried his decaying part; that all who shall repose themselves, as they are journeying on, may bless his ashes.

At this narrative, both Lychas and Alexis, penetrated with respect, fell down upon their knees, and did so; saying after to the damsel, "This pure stream has been delightful to our palate, and the freshness of the shade has raised our drooping spirits; but much more, the tale you have related to us. May the gods bless every moment of your life." And full of a religious spirit, they went forward to the temple.

THE
UNEXPECTED WEDDING.

A
D R A M A,

I N
T H R E E A C T S.

THE CHARACTERS.

MR. RIVERS, *a merchant.*

CAROLINE, *his daughter.*

MONEY-TRAP, *her suitor.*

HENRY, *Mr. Rivers's clerk.*

FRANKLY, *his father, and a miller,*

THE
UNEXPECTED WEDDING.

A C T I.

SCENE, *An apartment in the house of Mr. Rivers.*

MONEY-TRAP, *(speaking to a person, who has left him.)*

YOUR humble servant, sir. — I was informed of this before; but still, one cannot ask too many questions. She is one that suits me very well; and though the father should but give me down two thousand on the nail; yet still, as he is very rich, and rather old, one may contrive to wait awhile. *(To Mr. Rivers coming in.)* Good morrow, sir. And how, pray, have you passed the night?

MR. RIVERS. Not very well. I was at work till late, and could not sleep, but lay quite restless; during all which time, as I had nothing else to do, I was hard at it, building castles in the air.

MONEY-TRAP.

MONEY-TRAP. Aye, always at it ; day and night ; up and a-bed ; this commerce is a troublesome affair.

Mr. RIVERS. But for one's family one cannot do too much : however, I will candidly confess, I am so much of your opinion, that when once my daughter is well settled in the world, I will repose.

MONEY-TRAP. Yes, yes ; that is but just : and let me say, it rests with you alone to have her settled. My intentions, you are not a stranger to ; my only wish is, to receive her hand as soon as possible.

Mr. RIVERS. I know it well enough ; and she expects to have you for her husband, since I gave you, as they say, the freedom of my house.

MONEY-TRAP. Then, all we have to do, sir, is to fix the day that makes me happy.

Mr. RIVERS. We must, first of all, dispatch the writings. *Apropos*, your lawyer told me yesterday, of something you had added to the schedule of your property.

MONEY-TRAP (*seemingly indifferent.*) But I did not bid him speak to you about it.

Mr. RIVERS. Did, or did not : I take nothing of that kind amiss. It is but justice every one should name his terms. A handsome girl has always sweethearts in abundance ; but a fortune only will provide her with a proper husband. I repeat it, therefore, nothing has displeased me in the least : there is, however,
one

one condition I must be so bold as to insist on; and, indeed, beforehand, I am certain you will grant it.

MONEY-TRAP (*uneasy.*) You are certain:—
To be sure you know me.—Is it then of any
consequence?

Mr. RIVERS. The greatest: therefore, you must promise on your honour to fulfil it.

MONEY-TRAP (*aside.*) I am really all over in a tremble! Does he mean to have the fortune back, if he should die? (*Aloud.*) Well, pray what is it?

Mr. RIVERS. That you do whatever you are able, so that all her life she may be happy.

MONEY-TRAP. Is that all; (*afide.*) I breathe again. (*Aloud.*) Yes, yes; rely on me for that.

Mr. RIVERS. I do rely upon you; as a proof of which, though Caroline has been from school these three years, and had many offers, you alone have been attended to by me.

MONEY-TRAP. And I persuade myself, you never could have met with a fincerer lover.

Mr. RIVERS. So sincere, that I believe you would be glad to marry her, even though I were without a penny in the world to give her.

MONEY-TRAP (*aside.*) What the deuce does this mean? I am got on thorns again! (*Aloud*) Ah, sir, you judge of my disinterestedness, indeed, as I deserve.

Mr. RIVERS. Then, look you; I will
3 K mention

mention what I mean to give her.—Hear me.

MONEY-TRAP (*very attentive.*) I must hear you, since you make me.

Mr. RIVERS. But, supposing you had rather, I will tell your lawyer.

MONEY-TRAP. No, no, no ; as we are now together, and upon the subject, 'tis my duty to hear you. I must acknowledge, I am little skilled in matters of this nature.

Mr. RIVERS. Why, then, would you not prefer my talking to your lawyer ?

MONEY-TRAP. For my own part, I should like to do so : but what notions, would not my behaviour give you, should I not desire to hear from you, sir, rather than another, those paternal tenders you design to make ? Your generosity,—

Mr. RIVERS. One is not generous to one's child ; one is but just. It has been always my intention to insure the happiness of Caroline, and him she marries. In the first place, then, I am to tell you, what I give will be in ready money. Nothing can be more convenient to a husband than this ready money ; he does any thing he pleases with it.

MONEY-TRAP. Oh yes, yes, indeed. You speak so sensibly, that when I am your son-in-law, I shall be happy to desire and follow your advice on all occasions.

Mr. RIVERS. Not at all. You must conduct yourself as you think fit. Upon the day before your wedding, I shall pay you down the

the money ; and what follows is your own affair. I promise, I will never interfere between you afterwards.

FRANKLY (*the miller entering, in coarse clothes, large sleeves, and a prodigious hat.*)
Sir, sir.

MONEY-TRAP (*aside.*) Plague take the fellow ! I was going to know every thing.

FRANKLY. Will you permit your servant, sir, to pay you his respects ?

MR. RIVERS. Good morrow.

MONEY-TRAP (*aside.*) To break in upon us thus ! I wish he were at Jericho !

FRANKLY. I interrupt you, sir ?

MR. RIVERS. No, not at all : you are an old acquaintance ; a good-hearted fellow, that I alway see with pleasure.—We will finish the affair, dear Money-trap, immediately : and now I think upon it, something I designed to say, requires the appearance of a certain person : you know who.—Go in, and talk a little with her ; I will follow in an instant.

MONEY-TRAP. Do you give me leave, sir ?

MR. RIVERS. Do I give you leave ? a pretty question, truly ! Go. (*Money-trap goes out.*) And now, my good friend Frankly, what may be the news with you ? what are you looking for ?

FRANKLY. As usual, for your bill, as I am going on my travels, or a money hunting, as they say.

Mr. RIVERS. But, if I were to bid you call again ?

FRANKLY. That would but be like too many others ; for, at present, money is not to be had.

Mr. RIVERS. And have you many debtors ? — You ?

FRANKLY. What will you say, fir, when I tell you, that excepting fix or seven of my oldest customers, none pay me without twenty puttings off ? And, I have here a list, look, fir, would make you bless yourself.

Mr. RIVERS. But, how can any one expect to have a miller give him credit ? I could never have believed it.

FRANKLY. You appear astonished, but will still be more so, when I tell there are some among my customers, and those too, riding in their carriages, who, if I had but money, and would lend them some, would call me their dear friend.

Mr. RIVERS. Have no such friends. I wish you had a better business, my dear Frankly. You are such a worthy man ! Or rather, I could wish, that being of your present business, you would use it to the most advantage, and not lose so much in charity. That bread and meat you give away, as regularly as the Friday comes, to such a number of poor people, is what keeps you low. I should be happy, were I told you would but lay a little up against old age. Consider—

FRANKLY.

FRANKLY. Oh, sir, God will keep me in old age, as well as now. And as for what you mentioned just this moment of another business, why should I desire it? I have been a miller now these five-and-forty years, come Lady day; and what does being of one business or another signify, provided one is honest?

MR. RIVERS. Every one, 'tis certain, must esteem you very much for having such ideas. I, for my part, scruple not to say I look upon you with respect, for those good qualities you are possessed of; and considering, likewise, the good education you have been so provident as to bestow upon your son. He promises to turn out well.

FRANKLY. It was of him, I came to have a little talk, sir, with you. It appears, then, you are satisfied with his behaviour?

MR. RIVERS. Quite. He has the greatest part of my affairs to manage. I leave every thing to him, and all that are acquainted with his way of doing business, praise him.

FRANKLY. What you mention charms my heart. He is the only child I ever had, and will, I hope, turn out my joy and consolation. I have done my utmost to improve his understanding; and, that means might not be wanting for that purpose, cheerfully deprived myself of necessary things. I would have had him of my trade, but children would be always something better than their parents.

Mr. RIVERS. Yes, that wish is natural to those who would advance themselves.

FRANKLY. They are not, therefore, happier: but what signifies it, if they think they are. So, then you have a notion he will make his way?

Mr. RIVERS. I was quite sure so, the first moment I beheld him: and since that, I never saw a youth so much improved.

FRANKLY. I placed him at a school of eminence, in London, where he stayed six years. My cousin, you know who, that keeps the great academy at * * *, and who, they say, is very learned, but in my idea has not common sense, was used to tell me; without Latin, Henry will be good for nothing. But, why Latin, coz, was always my reply? They speak no Latin now-a-days in England. If my son had need of any other language than his own, it would be useful for him to converse in French or German, since in that case, he would meet with people he could talk with. And at last, indeed, I sent him into France, three years, where he was taught both commerce and the language; and you know with what success.

Mr. RIVERS. With very great; and you did right to follow such a plan. We know too well what sort of people these fine latinists turn out. They fancy they know every thing; and after all are nothing. Henry helps me very much: it is his business to translate my
English

W E D D I N G.

III

English letters into French : and that, as well as all my correspondence, he takes care of.

FRANKLY. All your correspondence ! I am sorry to hear that, sir.

Mr. RIVERS. Sorry ! and why so ? what can there be in that to make you sorry ?

FRANKLY. Sir.

Mr. RIVERS. Well, what, you hesitate ! speak, Frankly.

FRANKLY. I do hesitate, indeed, because I scarce know how to tell you. I would wish to send him hence.

Mr. RIVERS. To send him hence ! and whither, pray ; or why ?

FRANKLY. I know not how it comes to pass, but have you not remarked, sir, that, of late, how changed he is in point of look ? and yet, he says he is not ill. What then can ail him ? You remember, at the time of his return from France, how fresh and plump he was : but now, if you take notice, you will see his cheeks are sunk ; and more than that, ten days ago we dined together, and he did not eat.

Mr. RIVERS. I should be grieved to lose him ; but must own——Ah, here he comes : let me interrogate him on this subject, in your presence : he will not, perhaps, appear so much on the reserve with me.

FRANKLY. Yes do, sir ; we shall then be two to one against him : and may find out something.

HENRY (*coming in, and running to his father.*)

Ah,

Ah, my dear, dear father ! I but little thought of seeing you this morning.

FRANKLY. And how goes it with you, Henry ? I designed, before I went away, to see you.

Mr. RIVERS. Hear me, Henry ; and hide nothing. Your good father thinks the air of ** does not suit you, and has thoughts of sending you elsewhere. I cannot fancy any thing displeases you about my house ; but if there does, as no one is entirely master of his inclination, you are free to go ; however, I may wish you had continued with me.

HENRY. Free to go ! Ah, sir, who could have told you I desired to quit your house ? Ah, sir ! ah, father ! be persuaded, I am happier here than I should be in any other place whatever.

FRANKLY. Truly, I am glad I was deceived ; for this avowal is pronounced too warmly to admit of any doubt respecting its sincerity : and since the thing is so, we are all three content. (*To Mr. Rivers.*) You see, sir, he is not ungrateful, but repays your kindness with the same attachment as yourself have frequently professed.

Mr. RIVERS. And I am very glad to find it so. Yes, Henry, had you left my house, it would have grieved me. You deserve I should declare thus much. I find you are obtaining every day still more and more my confidence ; and I have told your father so.

HENRY.

HENRY. I limit my ambition, fir, to that of pleasing you on all occasions; and your approbation of my conduct, is to me the greatest recompence I could receive.

FRANKLY. Ah, Henry, Henry; 'tis the consequence of good behaviour to obtain us every one's esteem.

Mr. RIVERS. Had you left me, I protest it would have taken greatly from the happiness I shall enjoy in marrying, as I shall, and very shortly too, my daughter. (*Henry all at once appears surpris'd and agitated.*)

FRANKLY. Ah! you marry her? The lovely child! I recollect her when no taller than this chair. She used to make me half a dozen pretty curtsies, when she saw me, notwithstanding I had nothing but my cap on: but, what ails you, Henry?

HENRY. I am thinking, father.—You said right, just now.—You see things better than myself; and, your experience,—(*To Mr. Rivers.*) I have thought upon it, and must go. Yes, yes, I feel I must.

Mr. RIVERS. Must? after what you said just now?

FRANKLY. What whims are these? You did not wish to go this moment; but do now!

HENRY. Yes, father, I must go. I have my reasons. It will grieve me, fir, to quit you; but my happiness and peace of mind are both at stake. (*He withdraws into a corner, thoughtfully.*)

FRANKLY.

FRANKLY. What can we think of this? for my part, I am puzzled to account for what I see: he will, and will not.—He must, sure, be touched.

MR. RIVERS. By what I see, he has some secret sorrow. He will, probably, unfold himself to you, in private. You have always been a tender father to him: he knows that: his happiness is dear to you. 'Tis also dear to me. If, after all, he thinks he shall be happier any where than here, I must consent. It will be no small matter of uneasiness to me; but, but,—In short, I leave you to debate the affair together. (*Goes out.*)

FRANKLY. Well, what ails you, Henry? you are weeping!

HENRY. Ask me not the reason of my tears, dear father. All I wish is you would let me quit this house: the farther I am off, the happier it will make me.

FRANKLY. Is it me, then, you would keep from asking any reason why you weep? Have you forgot with what affection I have looked upon you?—Speak. I am, perhaps the only person that can change your destiny.

HENRY. I dare not speak;—but why, on second thoughts, should I keep silence? Have I proved myself a culprit? no; Ah, father, why is not your state in life superior to a miller's? With your virtues, you deserve a better situation.

FRANKLY. Well, and what is that to you,

If I am nothing but a miller, when, on my part, I am satisfied, and happy? Would you blush at being born the son of such a man? Oh, long ago, I thought it not impossible but you might have that foolish pride about you, and provided for emergencies accordingly.

HENRY. No, father, I respect you; and if heaven would grant me on this article a choice, I would not change you, to get any other father in the world: but the effect of prejudice is this, that all men do not think alike; and 'tis, perhaps, on that account alone I shall be all my life unhappy.

FRANKLY. If you tell me the occasion of your grief, I might, perhaps, remove it. If you do not; you——

HENRY. I know what you would say; and therefore will declare the whole: Miss Caroline,——

FRANKLY. Well, what of her?

HENRY. Is on the point of being married.

FRANKLY. And, what then?

HENRY. Ah, why, sir, is she not as poor as I am? I would then unite my fortunes with her: You have often told me, if you recollect, that to be happy in a wife I should consider what she is, and not, like many others, what she has.

FRANKLY. But to attach myself to any woman, means a little love upon her side; and 'tis not to be doubted, but that he, Miss Caroline has fixed on, pleases her much more than

than you do. So that there is nothing you can reasonably hope for.

HENRY. Ah, were she permitted to bestow herself on him she has most love for, no one, in that case, would be preferred to me.

FRANKLY. That is to say, that if your suit should be approved of by the proper person, you would marry her?

HENRY. Yes, yes; but I must not expect that happiness.

FRANKLY. You cannot take upon you to say that: however, tell me, by what chance you came to fall in love thus with Miss Caroline?

HENRY. At first I saw her, and felt nothing in me like emotion; but, at last, the absolute reverse took place. Did you but know, sir, how she thinks and speaks! what sensibility she manifests in favour of the unhappy! what affecting complaisance shines forth in all her actions! and all this without pretence or effort. I have frequently remarked she never speaks amiss of any one herself, and always reprehends whatever looks like evil speaking in her friends and neighbours.

FRANKLY. Charming! but inform me, does she marry him her father spoke about, from inclination?

HENRY. Inclination! oh no, no.

FRANKLY. And do you think she would accept of you in preference to Mr. Money-trap, if you were richer?

HENRY.

HENRY. I am sure she would.

FRANKLY. Then, hear me, Henry.

HENRY. Well?

FRANKLY. Take courage.

HENRY. Courage?

FRANKLY. Yes; for since this marriage is not yet concluded, there is room for hope.—I will this very day demand her for you, of her father.

HENRY. You?—Take care how you expose yourself to Mr. Rivers. He would think it an affront. Demand her for me of her father? how came such a whim into your head?

FRANKLY. Stay here, I tell you; and before the day is ended, look to have good tidings. I have hopes, at least, the case will turn out favourably.

HENRY. I repent, I told you any thing about it. Let me, then, fly from her. Why should I indulge a fruitless hope? It is not in your power, dear father, in this case to do me any service.

FRANKLY. Hold your tongue, I say; and let me manage the affair, as well as I am able. I will have you stay with Mr. Rivers, and not leave him.

HENRY. But, I must, dear father.

FRANKLY. Recollect, however, if you please, it is your duty to obey me.—Do you hear that, Henry? And hear this, too—You shall have her: you shall have her. (*He goes out.*)

HENRY. What a dear, good father!—He supposes it will happen, for no other reason than because he wishes it may happen. No, I have not even that hope, which commonly accompanies misfortunes.

A C T II.

SCENE, *continues.*

HENRY (*enters, walking slowly.*)

YOU shall have her! You shall have her! How it is I know not, but these words still strike upon my ear. Ah, too, too precious object, never will you be erased from my heart. Your image is engraven there, and cannot be obliterated but with life. And shall I see you destined to another? Will that other render you as happy as myself would? I must then devour my torments. Every thing grows insupportable; and she herself, too, aggravates my punishment. I dare no longer look upon her. If I hear her voice, alone, it adds to my despair; and in proportion as I fly her, just in such proportion does it seem as if by hazard, she were brought into my way. I see her coming.—Shall I stay, then?—No. (*Going.*)

CAROLINE (*entering.*) You would avoid me?

HENRY (*returning.*) No.

CAROLINE.

CAROLINE. You were, however, going?

HENRY. Yes.

CAROLINE. And whither?

HENRY. No where. (*Sighing.*)

CAROLINE. You seem very gloomy.

HENRY. I acknowledge.—*Apropos*, I had forgot.

CAROLINE. What, pray?

HENRY. To pay you my congratulations with respect to Mr. Money-trap.—The whole affair is settled.

CAROLINE. You are jesting.

HENRY. You mistake: I am complaining.

CAROLINE. Leave me. We betray each other. You occasion me no less uneasiness than Money-trap.

HENRY. And therefore I resolve to quit this habitation.

CAROLINE. Be persuaded, that I suffer now while you are present, and shall suffer more when you have left me.

HENRY. If, indeed, you have this pity for me it must be quite ineffectual, while this marriage—

CAROLINE. Would you have me disobey my father? 'Tis his will alone I would not counteract; for, with regard to Money-trap, believe me, I have treated him with all the indifference I could manifest: but by his conduct, it should seem, I fancy, there are men who, notwithstanding our resistance, previously resolve, on any terms, to have us.

HENRY. He has not received your hand as yet; and would you but resist with courage—

CAROLINE. That were to resist my father, which already I have told you, I can never bring myself to. And the interest of your love should not thus argue down my duty.

HENRY. Heavens! The interest of my love! It is the interest of yours only, that now guides me. Be another's, but be happy. I, for my part, will renounce my country; and by fighting at a distance from you, prove to every one that knows us, how disinterested was my passion.

CAROLINE. Why was I not born in indigence? I should not then be fought for.

HENRY. Ah, if I were rich, I would in that case offer——

CAROLINE. But instead of quitting us, if you would stay and make a trial,—you might even—But, alas! he cannot be expected to comply—

HENRY. No, no; and 'tis that very circumstance distracts me. I can never, in idea, be upon a footing with you. Such idea would offend your father. I am, therefore, lost for ever, while another that has gold, on that account alone will gain you.

CAROLINE. When I see him, as I shall do very shortly, I will have recourse to that indifference I have hitherto received him with. But, trust me, he feels nothing. Notwithstanding

standing which, my father's will, if he persists, will make me——

HENRY. At the altar swear to love him?

CAROLINE. And no longer think of you.—
Oh, heaven!

HENRY. But to avert so dismal a necessity, I will be bold, and hazard all things. I will throw myself, this instant, at your father's feet: do you the same, too, on your side.

CAROLINE. But he is coming. Heavens! should he have heard us!

Mr. RIVERS (*entering with an agitated countenance.*) Henry, I was looking for you; and you, likewise, Caroline; for I have dismal news to tell you.

HENRY. Heaven forbid, sir!

CAROLINE. Your whole countenance is agitated!

Mr. RIVERS. I am in despair!

HENRY. What is it? speak, sir.

CAROLINE. My dear father!

Mr. RIVERS (*falling into a chair.*) Let me breathe a little. Caroline, you will be grieved; for my misfortune is a heavy one, and still much heavier, being also yours. Alas! I have been labouring all my life to be at once entirely ruined.

CAROLINE. Ruined!

HENRY. How?

Mr. RIVERS. You merit my esteem and confidence, young man. I should have shewn myself

myself more prudent, had I listened to your counsel. I repent I did not so ;—but 'tis too late. My dearest Frankly, it has often hurt you, to reflect what sums of money I advanced upon the credit of that house at Bourdeaux.

HENRY. Has it failed, then, sir ?

Mr. RIVERS. I have just learned as much. These five-and-twenty years, have we been trading with each other ; and my trust in their responsibility has had no bounds. When unexpectedly,—Oh, heavens ! would I had died before the day I knew them.

CAROLINE. Dearest father ! do not give yourself up to despair. Now is the time to show your courage.—But is every thing, then, lost.

Mr. RIVERS. My letters tell me they have failed without resource ; and to increase the weight of their misfortune, as it presses upon me, this fore calamity has happened at a time when I was waiting every moment for remittances to make good certain payments here ; of which, dear Caroline, your dower was one.

HENRY. Dear sir, I am your servant. Shall I set out post ? do every thing on this emergence for your service ? (*During this scene Caroline supports herself against the wainscot.*)

Mr. RIVERS. We must wait ; but in the interval, what method shall I take to pay those bills I have accepted ? Their amount is very high. I have no other choice, but that of borrowing

rowing while the state of my affairs is not suspected. So do you go, Henry, and without delay——

HENRY. Ah, sir, might I presume,—

Mr. RIVERS. I know what you should say; but I am forced into the measure. I must follow the example set me. I have lost, myself, considerably, and need, therefore scruple less to be the cause of other people's loss.

HENRY. And can you bring yourself to—
(*a pause.*)

Mr. RIVERS. I must otherwise be ruined. I can take no other step. The house at Amsterdam may, possibly, find means to hush the storm; and every thing, if so, is well. But if that should not be the case, shall I alone support a burden, that infallibly must crush me.

HENRY. Have I your permission to speak out?

Mr. RIVERS. No doubt the moments are of too much consequence, that you should now affect the least concealment.

HENRY. Be not, my dear sir, offended; but 'tis only your bad fortune that could possibly suggest this scheme; your own preceding conduct utterly condemns it. Being only now unhappy, would you wish to mend your situation, for a day or two, by being guilty.

Mr. RIVERS. What would you advise me then to? give up every thing I am possessed of? After so much labour, shall I lose my all,
and

and what would, in that case, become of Caroline?

CAROLINE. Dear father, think not in the least of me: but let your peace of mind be first of all provided for.

HENRY. Ah, sir! resist that first temptation of adversity, and think upon the wrong you are about to do; for twenty families will be, by such a measure, brought to ruin. You have yet enough, if you will part with everything: and he must be acknowledged rich, at least comparatively speaking, who owes nothing. Think how mortifying it would be, should any person have it in his power to tell his neighbours: *You had wronged him.* You are not accustomed to such language.

Mr. RIVERS. Must I, then, degrade myself?

HENRY. To be just, is not a degradation.

Mr. RIVERS. And my child! what will become of her?

CAROLINE. Forget me, I beseech you, for the present.

HENRY. I devote myself for ever to your service. Your misfortune renders you much more respectable. You have reposed your confidence upon me, Grant me, then, the trust without reserve. You are in your unhappy situation, too much troubled to do any thing yourself. I will go round to all your creditors, who, seeing your integrity, will doubtless be affected,

affected, and facilitate the means of your continuance still in trade.

MR. RIVERS. You touch me very deep, young man : and never did I know you better than at present. I rely on you entirely, and thank God, I have a ray of hope still left. This Mr. Money-trap, my son-in-law, is rich : he loves my daughter, and will help me, when he knows of my distress. A greater or less sum of money for the present cannot be of much concern to him.

HENRY. He may, indeed, be doubly happy, and sustain your credit by his fortune. What a great advantage that for him !

CAROLINE. I will inform him of the whole affair myself, if you think proper : he shall hear it from my lips, and will receive it in a very different manner than from you, sir. Let me have a little conversation with him.

MR. RIVERS. Yes, with all my heart, and I will send him to you. Come, my dearest Henry, I will let you have my papers : settle matters as you please, and I will ratify whatever you think fittest to be done. Without you, I should surely have proceeded to an act that does not suit a good man's reputation. You have snatched me from the precipice, upon the brink of which I stood.

HENRY. I have no more than my poor zeal to offer you : but that you may command.
(*They go out.*)

CAROLINE. How hard to stifle thoughts
that

that seem so lawful ! With what elevation of ideas did he not address my father ! Ah, my heart approved of every thing he said. But what can be the reason, that thus taken up with thoughts of Henry, I appear so little interested for the blow that has been aimed at my dear father's fortune ? This flattering omen seems at least to tell me, Money-trap will never be my husband : but provided he has fixed his inclination on me only, in this marriage, and for my sake should desire to aid my father, gratitude, in that case, tells me I should sacrifice myself to so much generosity. That thought alarms me ! — I desire and fear ! — I know my duty ; but I know my inclination likewise ! — But I see him coming : how I tremble, lest he should evince a generous disposition !

MONEY-TRAP (*entering, and in transport.*) Caroline, my dear Miss Caroline, what happiness awaits me ! I have learned, this moment, that the lawyers have dispatched their business ; and — But, why this sadness thus repeated ? I was never in my life so joyous !

CAROLINE. Possibly, this joy, sir, may not long continue.

MONEY-TRAP. But it will, my dear young lady, it will be eternal, like the love I cherish for you.

CAROLINE. Hear me, sir, and answer with sincerity.

MONEY-

MONEY-TRAP. As if I could do otherwise.
(*Going to kneel.*)

CAROLINE. Ah, sir, it is not this I want.

MONEY-TRAP. Not want, that I should swear an everlasting passion to you? But, why swear, indeed? when all my actions prove the strength of my affection. Look you; not a fortnight since, I had proposals from the guardian of an heiress, but refused to hear them.

CAROLINE. You did wrong, I must be free enough to tell you, in rejecting such a match.

MONEY-TRAP. Dear Caroline, and do you know how much this language wounds me?

CAROLINE. Can you answer for your heart, so far as to assure me, that in this projected marriage, interest is not your motive?

MONEY-TRAP. What a question! when, if Providence had placed you in the world without a fortune, without any wealth except your natural perfection, I should think myself the happiest mortal living, could I but possess you.

CAROLINE (*aside.*) Can he be sincere? If so, what then will be my situation! (*To Money-trap*) What disinterested notions! So that putting such a case, as if my father unexpectedly were ruined, and instead of giving me a portion, should have need of your assistance to support his tottering credit, you would interest yourself for his advantage?

MONEY-TRAP. In that case, the happiness
of

of meriting the more your virtues, I should look on as a recompence for even more than I could ever do. But why these questions? are they meant to try me?—

CAROLINE. They are rendered necessary, by a case as recent as unhappy. To be short, he has received intelligence, this very morning, of a bankruptcy abroad.

MONEY-TRAP. Affecting him?

CAROLINE. Him principally; so that every thing we had is lost.

MONEY-TRAP (*aside.*) Unfortunate! (*aloud*) These matters never chance to any but myself!—You must advise him to conceal his situation for a while, precipitate our marriage, and increase your portion: the increase I can return when we are man and wife.

CAROLINE. My father never will consent to such advice. He might have hid his situation, and even cheated you.

MONEY-TRAP. He might indeed have done so. (*Aside*) So that I have had a fine escape! (*Aloud*) But how, with all his prudence, could he run into such danger? At his time of life to be so foolish!—'Tis not to be pardoned!

CAROLINE. Commerce, I need scarcely tell you, is exposed to accidents. He was expecting they would even have sent him large remittances, instead of such afflicting news.

MONEY-TRAP. The villains! justice ought to hang them.

CAROLINE.

CAROLINE. They are only like ourselves, unfortunate.

MONEY-TRAP. Unfortunate? No favour for such rascals! I would shew them none! My situation, with respect to you, dear Caroline, is very lamentable! but I cannot keep my indignation under, at your father's conduct! There is no reproach, but what he merits; since instead of placing out his money where it would have been secure,—

CAROLINE. We cannot see into futurity.

MONEY-TRAP. But, miss, the loss is irreparable, you tell me; notwithstanding which, you are composed. I had already made a prudent disposition of your fortune, but the plan is brought to nothing. And all this occasioned by your father's rashness! He is, is — No, I can never (I see that) forgive him.

CAROLINE. You would hardly, in my presence, I should think, say any thing injurious to my father: that would be too earnest an espousal of my cause. As yet he has not done *you* any wrong. He is employed, at present, in reviewing his affairs, and finds he has sufficient to discharge his debts.

MONEY-TRAP. But then, your portion, miss, your portion?—I speak rather upon your account you should consider, than my own. But, I forgot: you have, no doubt, aunts, uncles, and relations?

CAROLINE. No, sir, I have no one in the world. My father was the only friend I had.

MONEY-TRAP. Not one relation, at whose death you might come in for something? (*Aside*) What a family I was upon the point of getting into! (*Aloud*) Miss, I love you with far more sincerity than not to grieve for your misfortune; but this cursed bankruptcy! — Sure, those your father owes to, would admit of composition; and, if so, he might get friends, who for his benefit would bring in their demands upon him. — All imaginary, I confess, but such as being sworn to, would bring so much back into his pocket. By such methods, I have known some people get again full eighty out of every hundred pounds they owed.

CAROLINE. My father, sir, would scorn so base a project: he desires no favour, and will not consent that any one should lose on his account.

MONEY-TRAP. The worse for him in that case, miss, say I. All this, as you must know, deranges me; and then another thing, I must be plain to mention. I can hardly think you love me; and should never chuse to marry one like you, upon consent of parents only, which I should do here, since, as you know, you have so often boasted that the pleasure of a father, and his will, were every thing with you. I should be everlastingly afraid I were not master of your heart. I do not wish to make you miserable, as you would be, probably, with
me.

me. The best thing I can do on this occasion——

CAROLINE. Would be to withdraw.

MONEY-TRAP. I apprehend you, and obey.
—Your humble servant. (*Goes out.*)

CAROLINE (*alone.*) Is this he, then, that to hear him, only sigh'd for me?—With how much agitation he received the news!—One would have thought it was his property that had been lost. At least, however, this misfortune has delivered me from such a hateful lover; there is reason for rejoicing, in that circumstance; but on the other hand, my father's situation grieves me. It is only upon his account I can regret the ruin of that fortune, which would otherwise have been his comfort in old age. With Henry, I could pass my days in indigence, and not complain, —Yes, were my father not distressed, I should be happy.

HENRY (*entering with a pocket-book and other papers in his hand.*) I am giving my attention now, Miss Caroline, to nothing but such means as may secure my master from the storm's first violence. Unhop'd resources very often rise in our distress, and time works many wonderful changes in the course of men's affairs: perhaps, your father's circumstances may soon take a different turn, and every thing be not, as he imagines, lost. I profess myself his faithful servant, as I ought to be, indeed, and therefore, now devote all my attention to his
3 M 2 business,

business. Were it not my duty to do so, this present time, alas! would hardly justify the attention I should like to give my own.

CAROLINE. If it will comfort you in any manner, Henry, be assured of this; that I lament much less than you, perhaps, imagine, the misfortune of my father, when I view its consequence in their reference to myself. It draws me nearer, let me say, to you. Our situation in the world will now, at least, be on a level. How disdainfully I look upon that money, which does every thing among us, while the workings of the heart, so precious, are without the least degree of value!—I have seen this Money-trap.

HENRY. His fortune will make up, in some degree, for *that* your father and yourself have lost.

CAROLINE. No; you are wrong. The tale of our disaster has delivered me entirely from him. He has taken flight.

HENRY. Heavens! Is it possible? What happiness for me, that he had neither eyesight, nor a heart! I am delivered from this rival, then?

CAROLINE. Believe me, my dear Henry, he was never such in my conception. In this heart, you never had a rival; and to comfort you still more, shall never have one there. You merit such a declaration on my part. Let it encourage you, with greater zeal, if it be possible, to serve my father.

HENRY.

HENRY. What can the weak voice of gratitude effect, when my whole soul thus palpitates with passion, with astonishment, with joy? Farewell.—I go.—I fly.—What efforts are sufficient to deserve you!

A C T III.

SCENE, *changes to the hall.*

FRANKLY, (*with a sack of flour upon his shoulders,*) and a SERVANT.

The SERVANT.

WHAT, then, you insist on entering with that sack upon your shoulders?

FRANKLY. Yes I do, and have a reason for it.

The SERVANT. Did you ever hear the like!—You must have lost your senses, surely!

FRANKLY (*putting down his sack.*) You shall see that shortly. I know very well what I am doing. And, besides, suppose I did not, let your master and not you, find fault. But, tell me! when my son commands you to do any thing, are you so ready with your answers.

The SERVANT. Oh, if he has ordered this
3 M 3 fine

THE UNEXPECTED

fine business, well and good. But I have sent to tell him.

FRANKLY. Sent to tell him! And what then? You don't suppose I care for him? I want to have a little conversation with your master, Mr. Jackanapes. So go, and tell him I am here.

THE SERVANT. You cannot see him now; he is engaged in business of the greatest consequence.

FRANKLY. No matter. I must see him, and directly.—Business of the greatest consequence! Why mine is one of life and death.

THE SERVANT. Well, tell your son so; for I see him coming. (*As he is going out*) What a fellow! He is crack-brained, surely!

HENRY (*coming in.*) Hey, day! what's the reason of all this?

FRANKLY. The reason, Henry? I am come on purpose to demand Miss Caroline in marriage, for you.

HENRY. Truly, you have pitched upon a proper time and place!

FRANKLY. Oh, never fear.

HENRY. What, in this dress? and with a sack of flour?

FRANKLY. Yes, with a sack of flour.

HENRY. And what will Mr. Rivers say?

FRANKLY. Oh, you, for your part, are in love; but I am come to cure you.

HENRY. Hear me, father. Mr. Rivers is not in a proper temper, now, for joking.

FRANKLY.

FRANKLY. Oh, but I shall make him so.

HENRY. You know not, father—

FRANKLY. What?

HENRY. That there is now no room for hope.

FRANKLY. Yes; but there is: and you shall have her, boy. I told you so, before, if you remember. Yes, yes, you shall have her.

HENRY. Do you think to how much danger you expose me, by this mirth of yours? You make the difference between our situation in the world, and Mr. Rivers's, more evident. This pleases you; but every body laughs. Let me, however, ask your project.

FRANKLY. Project! why, to make you, what you wish for so, your master's son-in-law.

HENRY. You hasten the affair too much: in short, you would undo me. Let me help you to remove the sack..

FRANKLY. No, no.

HENRY. Into the yard; no farther.

FRANKLY. Will you let it stand, then, when I bid you,

HENRY. He is coming.

FRANKLY. I desire to see him.

HENRY. I am grieved, I ever spoke to you of this affair.

FRANKLY. You have but little confidence, I see it clearly, in your father. Did you ever
yet

yet repent of having told me any thing. (*Almost angry*) What do you take me for?

HENRY. Sure, no one but myself would think you in your wits.

FRANKLY. Oh, we shall, quickly see which of the two is most so. You, or I?

HENRY. My master, when he sees you, will not know what he should think. I will deny the whole affair: and I perceive him coming. Let me beg you, father, to say nothing. He appears quite thoughtful: he is not, believe me, in a proper frame of mind to be diverted with your jokes.

Mr. RIVERS. (*entering*) What was it you then wished to speak a little with me? What, pray, is your business with this luggage?

FRANKLY. If you ever thought well of me, sir, let me request at present, half an hour or forty minutes' audience. I will let you know my reason for this freedom, and I dare assert you will not disapprove it.

HENRY. (*In a whisper to his master.*) Have you any thing particular that we can do? my father has no urgent business, and can wait.

Mr. RIVERS. Have you informed him what has happened?

HENRY. I sir, tell your secrets!

Mr. RIVERS. It was very prudent in you; but your father I may trust. (*To Frankly*) Alas! I told you of my daughter's marriage with one Mr. Money-trap, who seem'd quite anxious for it: but at last, would you believe it? when he
heard

heard of certain changes that have happened to me, he went off, and (*To Henry.*) has this very moment sent me an insulting letter.

FRANKLY. You could not agree about the portion. Oh I guess that easily enough. These lovers are at present much in fashion, and they scruple not to bargain for a wife, even with her father. You did right, sir, to hold out against him; and will hardly be a loser by it, for these people never make good husbands. I, sir, on the other hand, have one I would propose, worth twenty Moneytraps. (*To Henry.*) Yes, yes, you may wink as much as you think proper.

HENRY. Is it possible!—If you determine on it, I must leave you. (*Goes out.*)

FRANKLY. (*approaching Mr. Rivers.*) Yes, sir, it is I, that come to offer you a husband for Miss Caroline.

MR. RIVERS. And who pray put you on this errand?

FRANKLY. I shall recommend you a young man, whose family and manners you are well acquainted with.

MR. RIVERS. And who is this young man?

FRANKLY. My son.

MR. RIVERS. Your son?

FRANKLY. Yes, sir, my son.

MR. RIVERS. I never could have thought as much! He send you——

FRANKLY. Sir, he did not send me; on
the

the other hand, he would have kept me from declaring his affection, and accordingly went from us just this moment, when he saw I was resolv'd to speak. Assuredly, said I, since he esteems Miss Caroline so much, he would not fail to make her a good husband. You are well acquainted with his heart and understanding, and why should he not obtain the preference?

MR. RIVERS. And do you think of what you say? I certainly forgive you being as you are a father; But——

FRANKLY. Sir, let me say, there never was a blot in any of our family. And as for different situations, I have seen the great and little——

MR. RIVERS. You are in the right good Frankly, and I never thought the day would come, when I should see such little difference between us. (*sighing*) What a day! but tell me truly, did or did he not desire you to come hither on this business?

FRANKLY. On my honour, sir, this declaration was not made by his consent: and be assured, he is as certain it will fail, as I am sure it will succeed.

MR. RIVERS. You may, however, be mistaken.

FRANKLY. No, I shall not be mistaken.

MR. RIVERS. You are a strange man!

FRANKLY. I am an honest man. No underhanded ways with me! You think, perhaps, my son may be a fortunehunter, such as Money-trap. No sir: say therefore but a word,
and

and two are happy : two ! I should have said, sir, four.

MR. RIVERS. Do you suppose, my daughter would consent ? Has Henry introduc'd you to her ? Speak, I wish to know the whole.

FRANKLY. But sir, I cannot think but that my son, polite, young, handsome, and what not, would please her to the full as well as any of your *Money-traps*.

MR. RIVERS. My good friend Frankly, I am sorry for it.

FRANKLY. Sorry !

MR. RIVERS. Yes ; because I cannot give him my consent.

FRANKLY. And why, sir ? let me ask your reason.

MR. RIVERS. I will tell you. Not that I object by reason of his situation in the world ; for you and I are on a level, since we fell for profit.

FRANKLY. Since we fell for profit ! prettily express'd.

MR. RIVERS. Your son, in time, no doubt will find an advantageous match ; and I for my part shall be glad to recommend him, if I can, to such an one.

FRANKLY. You need but recommend him to Miss Caroline ; and that is all we ask.

MR. RIVERS. Miss Caroline, at present, will not marry ; and the reason is, since I must tell you all, because I am not rich enough to give

give her any thing, and so on this account, and on no other, Money-trap is off.

FRANKLY. You are not rich enough to give her any thing?—Good! good!

Mr. RIVERS. A bankruptcy abroad has, after twenty years' hard labour, brought me to the very situation I set out from.

FRANKLY. Good!

Mr. RIVERS. She might accept a wealthy man; but Henry, who has nothing to begin the world with, how could I consent he should embarrass his condition with a wife? for you must know what love is, when two lovers are without some little of the world's good things.

FRANKLY. That is to say, if Henry had but—— how much let me ask you?

Mr. RIVERS. Oh, if he had only to the value of two thousand pounds.—You smile

FRANKLY. Two thousand pounds! and do you mean that if he had two thousand pounds, your daughter should be his?

Mr. RIVERS. Yes, truly do I. May he meet with all the happiness I wish him ——

FRANKLY. Come then, sir, and let my fac speak for me. Look you, (*Opening his sack and taking out a little packet*) Here are, to the full, three thousand pounds in paper.— Good bank notes! all payable at sight! no counterfeit light gold! but sterling stuff!

Mr. RIVERS. I am astonish'd; but, my good friend Frankly, where did you get so much money?

FRANKLY. Where I am in business: and by getting up betimes. These five and thirty years have I been labouring, dress'd as now you see me. I have been unalterably frugal; and this mass of money has been made by little portions added to it daily. Never did the love of greater profit work upon my heart to hazard what already I had made, except indeed the little sums I constantly dispers'd in charities; and this, in fact, which you, and others with you, fancied made me poor, has brought the blessings of God's providence upon me. I may truly call it now a blessing, since without it, my dear Henry would be wretched.

MR. RIVERS. I am not myself, so great is my astonishment! And your design in bringing me this money?

FRANKLY. Is to settle Henry in the world. I have my mill, and half a dozen fields about it, which is all I want to live on.

MR. RIVERS. What! and would you part with all this money?

FRANKLY. Call them hither. This, believe me, is the best day's pleasure I have ever had. To-morrow I might die, and be depriv'd of such a sight.

MR. RIVERS. I am beside myself!—Surprise and admiration!—I will bring them (*goes out.*)

FRANKLY. Execrable money! every day you do such mischief in the world! but now, do good. I have preserv'd you for that purpose.

pose. Go, then, and establish the security of love and virtue. I will sometimes be partaker of the joy resulting from the good employment of you.

Mr. RIVERS (*coming in again.*) They are coming: but what joy and wonder will they not experience? Is it possible, however, for so many years you should have persevered in laying up this money! and, besides, supposing Henry had unfortunately died, what then?

FRANKLY. Oh, I provided for that circumstance, as you shall hear. Supposing I should lose my Henry, what then shall I do with all my money, thought I to myself. I will be constantly upon the watch to find a worthy heir, and very likely I shall have it told me, that some virtuous man, encumbered with a family, is in distress, and has no friend to help him. In that case, I will go out one morning, dressed as I am now, and with my sack of flour upon my shoulders, I will knock for entrance at this poor man's door; desire to speak with him in private, and be introduced: he will look at me with astonishment, while I put down my sack, and whisper in his ear: This is for you, good man. Speak not a word: but take it. Every Sunday I will dine with you. Farewell; and for the time to come be happier than you have been.

Mr. RIVERS. Oh, my dear, good Frankly: (*embraces him.*) How shall I express my sense of
of

of so much virtue! (*To Caroline coming in with Henry*) Caroline, come hither.

FRANKLY. And you, Henry.

HENRY. Spare me, sir: the state in which you see me, is embarrassing, since you are told of every thing. Determine on my lot as you think fit.

MR. RIVERS. And what say you, too, Caroline?

CAROLINE. That I am ready to obey your orders, sir, whatever they may be.

MR. RIVERS. But, I perceive you understand each other perfectly; and I have no occasion to take up my time in properly explaining things.

FRANKLY. She blushed: her heart spoke for her. The delightful girl! how she enchants me! (*Caroline appears confused, and turns to go.*)

MR. RIVERS. Stay, Caroline. I know your thoughts at present, and approve them. It depends upon yourself alone, to give your hand wherever you think proper. I withhold not my consent to such a measure.

FRANKLY. Do you hear that, Henry? You will credit me another time, I fancy now, whatever I may tell you. Oh, believe me, fathers always know much more, a great deal, than their children do.

HENRY (*to Mr. Rivers holding out his hand to Caroline.*) I fear, all this is but a dream.

Do you consent, sir, to our union? but your promise is already given. Pleasure and astonishment obstruct expression in me.

MR. RIVERS. Caroline, do you with perfect cordiality accept of Henry for a husband?

CAROLINE. Yes, sir: it was he I have this long time loved. I pride myself in the confession. Riches cannot make one happy; but with love on both sides, one may live upon a very little.

FRANKLY. Well, that matter, then, is settled. So, Miss Caroline, my figure does not shock you? An old fellow like myself will make you a good father-in-law.

CAROLINE. I was taught betimes to honour and respect integrity in any dress; and you have shown yourself so good a man, and such a tender father, that I know not how one can do other than respect you.

FRANKLY. For the future, therefore, recollect, on all occasions, Daddy Miller. See his treasure. It is yours. This is the savings I have made in five-and-thirty years' hard labour. Had I more, in that case you should have it.

HENRY. What! can all these notes be yours?

FRANKLY. Yes, all. Your joy and ecstasy occasions me more pleasure, at this moment, than whole mines of gold could give me.

MR. RIVERS. Do you know there are three thousand pounds?

FRANKLY.

FRANKLY. Aye, truly are there.

HENRY. Come then : we will place them, where at present they are wanted. Shall we not dear father ?

Mr. RIVERS. Shall I suffer it ? No, no.

FRANKLY (*to his son.*) I was expecting such an offer from your generous nature ; and am, happily, not disappointed. Yes ; we must prevent, as far as we are able, the effects of this unhappy bankruptcy. What nobler use can money be put to. Sow, dear children, then, this money ; and the harvest will be blessed by heaven.

CAROLINE. Oh, my future father ! let me clasp you in my arms, for so much generosity.

Mr. RIVERS. Well done, my child ! well done ! Respect this generosity in all men ; more particularly one to whom you are so much indebted.

HENRY. What ! dear father, you have been so long employed in getting up this money, and yet make a secret of the matter ?

FRANKLY. 'Tis this secret alone that has ensured your happiness. A single person, had he once been made acquainted with it, could not but have spoilt the whole. He might have undertaken to disgust me with my occupation ; and perhaps, succeeded. We are liable to be seduced at last ; and by proceeding from one folly to another, all this money might have been
been

been entirely spent in such a manner, that without my being, as they say, the fatter, I should now have been the absolute reverse. Respecting that communication of my real circumstances, some may think I should have made to you; — a thousand things may be advanced upon the subject. — Happy is that youth who has no other prospect of resources than what lie within himself! he will be much the better for it; and all those unworthy children who, while children, are so often told their friends, as the expression is, were born before them, fare the worse by reason of their parents' fortunes; of which fortunes only, they are frequently enamoured; since the expectations of inheritances make them indolent, and good for nothing. Every youth should of necessity, be taught betimes the inconveniences of want, and absolute expedience of industry; or, generally speaking, he will not arrive at any useful knowledge. If unhappily you had turned out a good-for-nothing fellow, like too many others, all this money should have been some other person's.

HENRY. And with justice, father. But, how opportunely does this rich harvest of your savings come! It never would have been so acceptable to us all, as now, when (*looking at Caroline*) every thing unites to make me happy.

FRANKLY. Dear, dear children! I will
pass

pass my life away, in future, with you. (*To Mr. Rivers*) And pay you a visit, with them, every Sunday. You, when we sit down to dinner, shall be full before me; and my children on the right and left, that leaning back a little, I may see you at one view all three.—But hush: let nothing of this whole affair transpire; and let us go to supper; for I think 'tis time. (*Looking at his watch, which is of silver, and a very great one.*)

MR. RIVERS. To-morrow we will have the writings drawn. Shall I send notice to my lawyer? or, perhaps, you would prefer employing yours?

FRANKLY. Employing mine! And what necessity for any? If our words are not to be relied on, neither will be so our writings. But do every thing as is the custom; since we cannot mean to do each other justice, without sending for those gentry. (*To Henry*) Well, you will not now complain, I fancy, of my sack.

HENRY. Oh, no. I did not dream what sort of flour was in it.

FRANKLY. Flour makes bread; and bread, they tell us, is the staff of life: but where shall we discover such a staff as this? it is the best support in nature. Come to supper, as I said before. (*Stopping Mr. Rivers*) But your domestics, sir?—those jackadandies? Figure to yourself how they will stare, observing me at
table

table in my cap; for I shall hardly pull it off. Ah! ah! they would not give my sack of flour admittance. Did not I do well to force it in. Ah! ah! I shall go near to die with laughing.

Mr. RIVERS. Come, my dearest friend, this house in future shall be yours, as well as it is mine.

